

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,081

AUGUST 16, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

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THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE
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HURLINGHAM IN THE SEASON—WATCHING THE PONY RACING

Topics of the Week

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—The death of Cardinal Newman has removed from the intellectual and spiritual life of England one of its most interesting figures. The present generation may find it a little hard to understand the intense excitement created by the movement in connection with which he first made his name famous. The difficulties of our time are wholly different from those with which he had to grapple, and are in many ways deeper and more far-reaching. That the English mind was stirred to its depths by the conflict of ideas which led to Newman's withdrawal from the Church of England is, however, certain; and it is also certain that during the period which preceded the great decision of his life he exercised on many of the best of his contemporaries an influence which was second to that of no other Englishman of the day. After his secession to Rome there was a time during which he ceased to be a great power in the intellectual world. He had removed himself too widely from the sympathies of the mass of his countrymen to be able to appeal to them strongly. But by the force of sheer intellect and character he gradually won a new position, and it is hardly too much to say that during the last years of his long life he was regarded by the educated classes with a reverence deeper than that which was felt for any other religious or ecclesiastical leader. He seemed to embody all the virtues summed up in the word "saintly;" and with these he united a logical faculty of extraordinary subtlety, a fine and chastened imagination, and a style which has never perhaps been surpassed in lucidity, delicacy, and grace. Much of his work is already practically dead; but some of his writings will probably always retain their charm as masterpieces in the high and difficult art of literary expression.

RAILWAY STRIKES.—It is an exceedingly significant fact that neither in Glamorganshire, nor (a week ago) in County Dublin, nor in the State of New York, has the strike of railway servants originated in any of the usual questions between employers and employed. In America and Ireland, the ostensible pretext—obviously nothing more than ostensible—has been, by a coincidence, the dismissal of certain servants by the directors; in Wales, the more solid reason is principally the demand for a minimum weekly wage. But in each case the real issue is which shall have the control of the lines and their working arrangements; the Companies who find the capital, or the men who supply the labour. The directors of the Welsh lines base their opposition simply upon the ground of discipline, arguing, and with apparent justice, that men who are guaranteed pay for a fixed number of hours in the week will be disposed to do as little work as they can for the money, and will render their services grudgingly and as a matter of favour instead of diligently and as a matter of duty. In short, in all three instances, the contest concerns discipline almost as much as in the cases of the Post-office and of the police. And there is this further analogy, that railway companies are virtually public services rather than merely private enterprises; which means that the masterful enforcement of demands, even when grievances are just, at the bidding of outside agitators, has not the slightest chance in any country of obtaining public sympathy, and must therefore fail. Mr. Harford may talk about "holding the fort for Welsh independence"—as if that had anything to do with the matter; but the public will not care a straw about Welsh independence, whatever that may be, in comparison with a strike which throws tens of thousands out of work, and paralyses more than one great industry which may never wholly recover. The utter recklessness of agitation in the name of labour, in attempting to purchase a slight and doubtful advantage at the price of widespread and lasting misery, has never been more conspicuously displayed. And who will compensate the colliers, who have no interest whatever in the strike, when the conflict is at an end?

DISCONTENT IN THE ARMY.—An army is essentially a fighting machine, and, like the sword, it wears, in peace it is of no great use, but must be kept bright and ready for the time of need. In barracks the difficulty is to find enough work for the men to do, and consequently a great deal of work is done which seems to the men useless, and to lead to nothing—not even to increased efficiency in any one point. In the old days things were different in many ways: the soldier was not given to thinking much for himself, and was kept up to the mark by the precept and example of the older soldiers and of the non-commissioned officers. Nowadays few even of the non-commissioned officers are old soldiers. They are excellent men, but—and no blame attaches to them for it—they are wanting in that tact and experience which alone can give them authority over men no older than themselves. When the non-commissioned officers were all old and seasoned men, many duties were gradually entrusted to them which should properly have been performed by the subalterns; and now that so many non-commissioned officers are young men, who have been promoted after only a short time of service, they have not the necessary authority to keep the men in hand. There is never any insubordination when manœuvres are going on, and no doubt the best

thing would be to do away with all the useless work which is dropped whenever the regiment goes on active service, and to introduce more gymnastics and exercises having an aim, or giving a chance for emulation. But, above all, strong inducements should be held out to steady non-commissioned officers, who take to soldiering from a love of it, to make the regiment their home as they did in the long-service days, and to provide that stiffening and respect for discipline without which the bravest army is but an armed mob.

CANADIAN LOYALTY.—Politicians in the United States often affect to believe that there is a vast amount of discontent in Canada with regard to the connection of the Dominion with the British Empire. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith frequently assures us that the Canadians are far from being loyal subjects of the Crown; and, while vehemently upholding the union between Britain and Ireland, he does what he can to break the good understanding between the mother-country and the greatest of her colonies. This week very striking proof has been given of the utter hollowness of the talk in which Mr. Goldwin Smith and some of his American friends so freely indulge. No one who reads the loyal Address to the Queen, which was unanimously voted in the House of Commons of the Dominion Parliament, and which has now been published, with the correspondence relating to it, can for a moment doubt the sincerity and the depth of Canadian loyalty. The Address was proposed simply for the purpose of preventing the growth of any misunderstanding on this side of the Atlantic, and it would certainly never have been thought of if it had not expressed a genuine feeling. After all, what possible reason could the Canadians have for disloyalty? They are allowed to manage their own affairs as they please, and the connection with Great Britain provides for them the security which enables them to develop in peace the splendid material resources of their country. Unfortunately, it must be admitted that the feeling in Newfoundland, which is outside the Dominion, is less satisfactory. Lord Knutsford's recent despatch to Governor O'Brien, however, leads us to hope that even here sound relations may soon be established. The difficulty has been created wholly by the perverse humour of the French; and the Imperial Government—if we may judge from the tone in which Lord Knutsford speaks of the matter—appears to have solid reason for thinking that this obstacle to the prosperity of the Newfoundlanders is about to be, at least in part, overcome.

INNKEEPERS' LIEN.—Whatever may be said of its justice, the state of things before a Married Woman's Property Act was heard of had its inconveniences; that state of things when a husband might say to his wife, "Whatever is yours is mine, and whatever is mine is mine too." In those days there could have been no trouble between Lady Lucy Silber and the Hôtel Métropole. The hotel proprietor would have detained her effects for her husband's unpaid bill, as a matter of course, and there would have been an end of the matter. We cannot help thinking that Lady Lucy Silber had considerable show of reason for asking what was the good of a Married Woman's Property Act at all if its effects ceased at the threshold of an inn—just where it is so constantly required. And it does seem curious, at first sight, to find it held judicially that an innkeeper, supposed, like every other citizen, to know every detail of the laws of his country, is not required to distinguish between the goods of Monsieur and the goods of Madame. Of course it is difficult; but certainly not more difficult than to distinguish between the effects of any two friends who are travelling in company, while there is no more likelihood of fraud and collusion in the former case than in the latter. Perhaps some compensation was thought due to the innkeeper for the extreme care which he is bound to take of his guests' effects—a view which was borne out by the judgment of Lord Justice Lopes, and was recently illustrated by the case of the American gentleman, who recovered the whole value of some costly jewellery, despite his own negligence, solely because a certain notice had not been put up conspicuously in the entrance-hall. As the law stands, a lady travelling with her husband will do well, on arriving at an hotel, to exhibit her "marriage-lines" to the landlord, landlady, or responsible manager; to make an affidavit of her identity; and to declare what articles of her equipage belong to her separate estate, which the hotel-keeper will contract not to detain for the husband's bill. In these days of competition, innkeepers would of course fall in with this simple scheme of precaution; though the pleasure of travelling might undergo some trifling diminution.

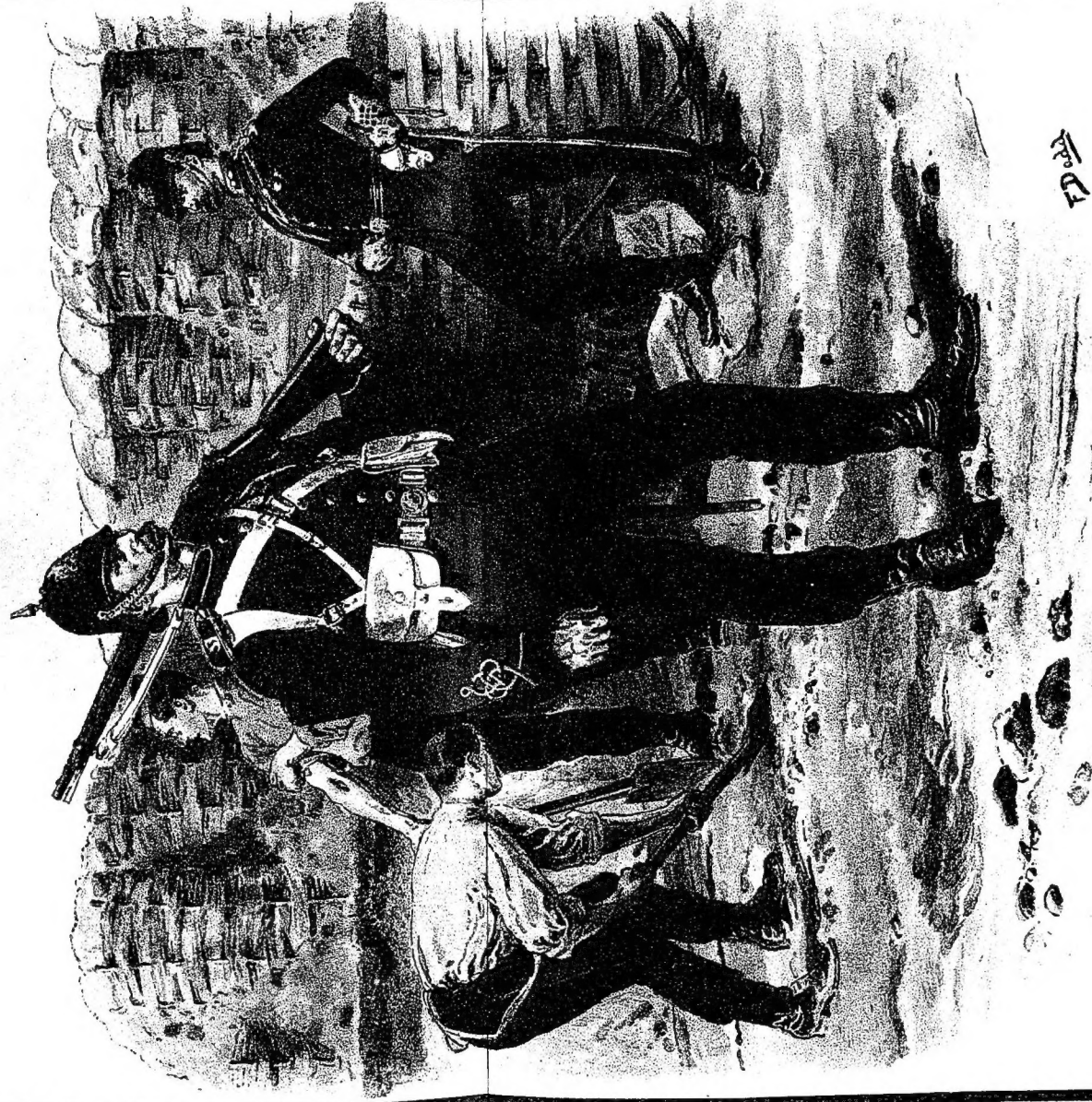
HER MAJESTY'S MAIL COACHES.—This week has seen the extension of the postal service by coach between the large towns near London and the Metropolitan District, and another of the Kentish roads has seen a revival of the old coaching days. On Monday last a new service of mail coaches was inaugurated between Chatham and London, and, leaving the Chatham Post Office about midnight, commenced running over the ground made famous by the excursions of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, the original members of the Pickwick Club. The delightful founder of the Club is, of course, long since dead, but it is just possible that some of the younger of his companions may still be with us, and, for old times' sake, they should make

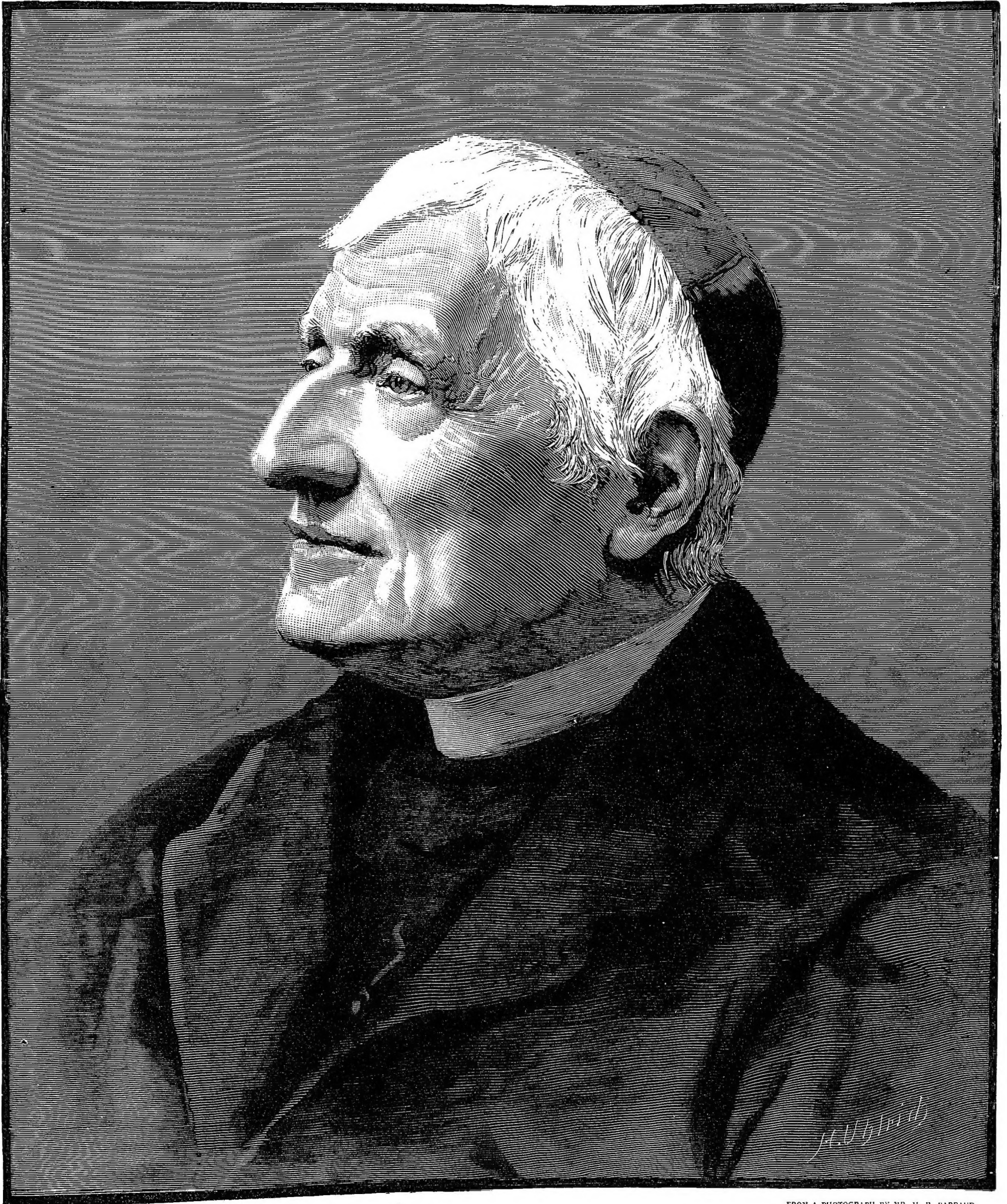
the journey up while yet the nights are warm enough for old gentlemen of their age to venture on the trip. They would find it a strange reminiscence of by-gone days. The guard still toots his horn and carries a cutlass to protect H.M.'s mails and the passengers from the highwayman on the heath. To be sure, a revolver has taken the place of the old-fashioned bell-mouthed blunderbuss, but the good Pickwickian will not search too curiously for that weapon, and will only dwell on the points of likeness. In many places the road cannot have altered very much, though, nearing London, the octopus-like arms of the Great City have stretched out along the highways and byways, and swallowed up green wastes and pleasant fields. The world moves slowly after all. The engine was to abolish the coach, and gas was to do away with oil, but oil was never more used than it is at present, and near London the mail coach is holding its own. So, if the incorporeal presence of Mr. Pickwick beamed through its spectacles on the coach rattling merrily through Rochester, we may hope that there was recognition and not sadness in the smile.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT.—Only a small number of the members of the House of Lords thought it worth while to come together to hear Lord Salisbury's statement about the Anglo-French Agreement. The attendance, however, as the Prime Minister truly said, was not insufficient for the consideration of the subject. A less important Agreement between two great States, so far as its direct, practical consequences are concerned, has not often been submitted to Parliament. If the French had declined to recognise our protectorate over Zanzibar, no very terrible results would have followed. They would simply have held the same position with regard to our claims in the island as we should have continued to hold with regard to their claims in Madagascar. As for the new application of the doctrine of the "Hinterland," it relates chiefly to territories about which neither the French nor the English have much definite knowledge; and Lord Salisbury is of opinion that many years, and perhaps some generations, may pass away before they come under the influence of the civilisation of either of the two peoples. The real value of the Agreement, so far as it can be said to have value, lies in the comparatively friendly international feeling of which it may be regarded as a symptom. Had the relations of England and France been in any way "strained," even the shadowy questions dealt with in this Convention might have been made the occasion of a good deal of trouble. Perhaps a satisfactory understanding about the Newfoundland Fisheries may spring from the present amicable sentiment. That would be worth any number of Agreements about unexplored regions in Africa.

A NUMISMATIC PUZZLE.—Given a piece of current silver money—to tell offhand its denomination. This sounds easy in theory; but it is found sufficiently difficult in practice to have warranted an application to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to make it a great deal easier. Mr. Goschen has promised to adopt the tolerably obvious expedient of stamping every silver coin with its value "in plain figures," as the drapers say; and we trust that it may be found possible to carry out this piece of reform at an early issue. It is not every native Briton who can, without a moment's hesitation, distinguish between a crown and a double florin, or even between a single florin and a half crown; and we recoil from speculating as to how many foreign and colonial visitors are several shillings poorer from unfamiliarity with the coinage of the Jubilee. It is not as if, by any rule of compensation, anybody were the richer; for, by some incomprehensible law, one man's loss in these matters never seems to be any other man's gain. Leaving science to account for this phenomenon if it can, we may express a hope that other improvements may be made in our silver coins besides a clear statement of their value. Familiarity has not yet accustomed the most careless eyes to the unparalleled ugliness of the coinage which made its first appearance in 1887, especially when almost any purse or pocket can simultaneously produce specimens of its really well-designed and well-executed predecessors, deserving the glance which suffices to distinguish them. Another way of partially solving the puzzle would be to abolish the cumbrous four and five shilling pieces, of which the only *raison d'être* appears to be the cultivation of skill and promptness in getting rid of them as quickly as possible. A more irritating coin than the double florin has never been devised.

OUR DUTY TOWARDS OUR CAT.—At this time of the year kind-hearted persons put forward a plea for the cats left behind in houses when the family goes on its holiday. The cat is not so dependent on human companionship as the dog, and consequently is often forgotten at the last moment, and left shut up in the house, the mistress not even remembering to salve her conscience by leaving a tin of preserved milk in the cupboard, and a sardine-opener in the drawer. It is but humane to send the cat to Battersea to be fed and cared for at a small cost, even though much may be said against cats. It is difficult to believe that pussy curled up so sleek and gentle on the rug can be the same wild beast that invites her relatives and friends to midnight tea in the garden to make night hideous and sleep impossible with their efforts to reach C in *all*, or whose attempts at





FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. H. R. BARRAUD

BORN FEBRUARY 21, 1801

THE LATE JOHN HENRY. CARDINAL NEWMAN

DIED AUGUST 11, 1890

landscape gardening in the most cherished border but seldom meet with grateful thanks from the master of the house. In most houses the idea that the cat catches mice is but a popular delusion; she is too well fed for such exertion. Still there is the potentiality in her that scares mice, as the creaking of the policeman's regulation boot scares the burglar. And when thinking of the feline virtues it should never be forgotten that the cat is absolutely necessary to the health of the small boy, for in pursuing her he gets that exercise which, in London especially, he might not otherwise be persuaded to take. There are those who prefer cats to small boys; they will be wise if they take their cats away with them, and send their boys to Battersea. But at any rate let not pussy be starved to make an autumn holiday.

UNIONISTS AND IRISH DISCONTENT.—In his speech at Chatsworth the other day Lord Hartington displayed, as usual, the good sense which is one of the secrets of his power in the political life of the day. He was especially happy in all he had to say about Ireland. There can be no doubt that at the last General Election the Unionists pledged themselves to something more than a policy of coercion. Their contention was that a Home Rule Parliament was not necessary for the welfare of Ireland, since all that was really essential to the country could be provided by the Parliament at Westminster. It was admitted that the Irish had genuine grievances; and the Unionists undertook, in the event of their having a majority, to find remedies for the evils of which the people complained. The Government cannot pretend that it has yet done much to fulfil the hopes which were thus excited; and Lord Hartington frankly conceded that it would be the duty of the Unionist party, before appealing to the constituencies, to complete the task it had sketched out for itself. The problems to which he chiefly called attention were, of course, the Land Question and the question of local government; and we may hope that his statements on these subjects are to be taken as an indication that the Government has a definite policy which it is resolved to carry out. If nothing is done during the lifetime of the present Parliament for the settlement of the two difficulties which lie at the root of Irish discontent, the Gladstonians will have an argument of almost irresistible force at the next General Election. The cry that Obstruction has prevented legislation will not save the Government from censure. A Ministry is judged by results, not by the obstacles which it has allowed to stand in its way.

PROFESSIONAL COSTUME.—Mr. Hannay, sitting in Marlborough Street, is answerable for the dictum that, if a medical man dresses like a betting-man, he must take the consequences. The consequences in the case before him were that the respectable practitioner in question, while looking at a shop-window, was ordered by a constable to "move on;" which led to yet further complications. We do not know exactly the recognised uniform of a betting-man, though no doubt it is possible to form some sort of general idea; nor why a betting-man, in this free country, may not look at a shop-window as securely as a cat at a king. The case, however, apart from its merits, is interesting as illustrating the change which has by this time completed itself in public opinion concerning matters of costume. Well within living memory, it would have been as impossible for a medical practitioner, who did not wish to lose his patients otherwise than by natural processes, to dress otherwise than "professionally," as it still is for a French advocate to grow a moustache or beard. Even so, one could almost as readily tell a solicitor from the style of his clothes as a High Church curate. The present tendency is to conceal professional identity, and even to get oneself mistaken for an ornament of some other calling. There are lawyers who affect the style of painters, painters that of farmers, physicians that of actors, City-men that of grooms. It is the same spirit of "mufli" which, in different forms, makes the soldier at every possible moment throw off the uniform which the civilian who has any excuse for it delights to don. There is a great deal to be said for the obsolete fashion of distinctive costumes and styles, if only because it must have tended to keep a man in mind of his calling and of its claims. It does not require a Teufelsdröckh to tell the world how apt everybody is to throw off responsibilities with the clothes which belong to them. As to the convenience of a distinguishing mark which may save other persons from a host of blunders, it is of course needless to say a word.

THE HONEYMOON VAN.—The end of the summer is a very favourite time for marriages, for the season is then over, holiday time has begun, and though the young man's fancy may turn to thoughts of love in the spring, the young maiden's invariably turns to thoughts of marriage in the early autumn. The question where to go for the honeymoon becomes more serious every year, and, indeed, were it not that the Registrar-General's statistics show the marriage rate to be declining, the question would have become insuperable. Some happy couples have country houses lent them, but even if the butler and servants are not as officious as the Scotch waiter in "Man and Wife," still there is an air of complicity about them. Others go to the seaside, and vainly trust that by the aid of their oldest portmanteaux they may elude the penetrating eye of the chambermaid. Indeed, at this period of the year some parts of the coast are so dotted with honeymooning couples that

only the sharpest bits of rock in the broad glare of the sun are left for weary middle-age to repose on. Others brave the discomforts of foreign travel, and an American couple, with characteristic impetuosity, fled from the world, and sought the solitude they yearned for in a balloon; but it has been left for a young Austrian to solve the problem. He has just hired a new furniture van, has had it comfortably furnished, and is now blissfully jogging southward with his bride, behind three stout horses and a driver. This kind of gipsy's life with the chill off must be joyous, gay, and free in good truth, and those who have yet time may wisely follow the example of the Viennese bridegroom, and study their native country with more leisure than is possible on a railway journey, and with greater comfort than is obtainable even in a phaeton.

NOTICE.—With this number are issued Two EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "THE ROYAL ENGINEERS: A SAPPER IN MARCHING ORDER," the other a PORTRAIT of the late CARDINAL NEWMAN.



FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, and the SAVOY GALLERY, see page 187.

BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, August 18, A MAN'S SHADOW.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—Monday, August 18, and during the week, at Seven, THE STOWAWAY. Misses Elph Webb, Marshall; Messrs. Tom Craven, Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, W. Glenn, &c.—VARIETIES—Concluding with SNAKES IN THE GRASS.

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FAST TRAINS by the New Direct Route from Victoria 9.30 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 9.10 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from London Bridge 9.30 a.m., calling at East Croydon. EVERY SUNDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS by all Trains from Victoria, London Bridge, New Cross, Forest Hill, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any Train same day only. Special Day Return Tickets, 10s., 7s., 5s. 6d.

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FOR full particulars, see Time Book or Tourists' Programme, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 124 Strand.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

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YACHTING CRUISE ROUND the UNITED KINGDOM.—The ORIENT COMPANY will despatch their steamship "GARONNE" from London on September 6th, and from Leith on the 8th September, for a three weeks' Cruise, visiting Inverness, Kirkwall, Lerwick, Cairn Loch (Ross), Oban, the Clyde, Belfast, Londonderry, Limerick, Bantry Bay (for Killarney), Queenstown, and Plymouth. The "GARONNE" is fitted with Electric Light, Hot and Cold Baths. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers, F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C. For terms and further particulars apply to the latter firm.

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HURLINGHAM IN THE SEASON

WATCHING THE PONY RACING

THE London Season is so cribbed and confined amid the walls of town, that any diversion which smacks ever so little of the country is sure to be popular with those whose duty it is to labour hard in the pursuit of pleasure. Besides, out-of-door amusement gives much more scope for the display of pretty dresses, and the top of a drag shows off a smart frock far better than a chair in a crowded drawing-room, and therefore Hurlingham is naturally popular and fears not the transient competition of Lord's and Henley. Besides, at Hurlingham there is change of entertainment, and ladies are not expected to take more than a passing interest in the sport. For some there is pigeon shooting, for others polo, and there is pony racing for those who like the racecourse, without the unpleasant accompaniments generally to be found in those places which the "horsey" man has made his own; and pony racing at Hurlingham is the racing which ladies love best. There they are at home, as it were, and have the racing all to themselves, and need not attend to it more than they like; for doing as one pleases is the essence of enjoyment. Besides that, the course is not enormous, and the ponies are small and therefore appeal to the feminine heart. Moreover, Hurlingham is sufficiently exclusive to be desirable, and always gathers the best people together; nor are those watching the pony racing any exception to the rule.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—ON BOARD H.M.S. "CONQUEROR"

JACK'S SIESTA

A BLAZING hot Sunday afternoon off Ushant, where we are steaming backwards and forwards, keeping watch and ward lest the enemy's fleet from Ireland should sneak by us on its way to the Thames. Jack had attended church, had his dinner, and the afternoon was now before him for enjoyment. This enjoyment generally on board ship seems to take the form of sleep whenever sleep is possible. Jack then drops wherever he happens to be standing, and into the hardest and (to a landsman) the most uncomfortable quarters: witness the row of Jacks in our sketch, making a pillow of one of the chain-cables, and all snoring away as if resting on down pillows; over the whole foredeck they distributed themselves, in every conceivable position, and evidently thoroughly enjoyed themselves, a few reading newspapers and books.

JACK'S MORNING PIPE

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY Jack, give him his pipe, his grog, his song, and hornpipe, to the accompaniment of his accordion (why do Jacks so favour that melancholy instrument of torture?), and who so merry as Jack? Heat or cold, rain or sunshine, he is always fit, ready to go anywhere or do anything; throw in an occasional spree ashore, and his happiness is complete. In our sketch made on the Conqueror during last year's manœuvres, on a cold, drizzly morning, Jack having had his breakfast, is enjoying his morning pipe. Wet deck, wet iron-plating (cold even to booted feet), are nothing to Jack, who calmly saunters about barefooted, as if it were a summer day, his only ambition being to get as much smoke as possible out of his pipe during the limited time allowed for the solace

PORTSMOUTH TOWN HALL

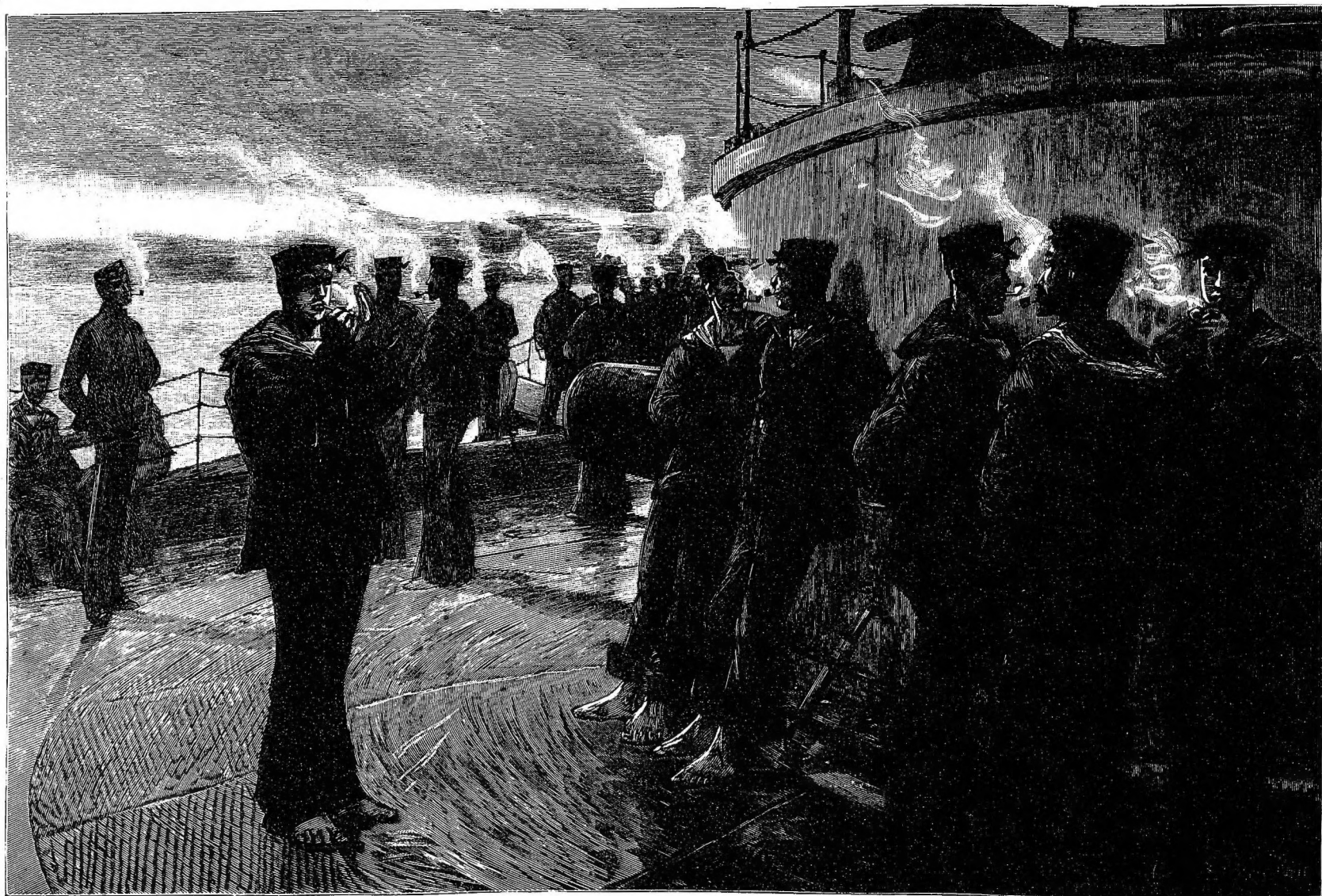
See page 186.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT EASTNEY BARRACKS

ON Wednesday, August 6th, the German Emperor, who wore the picturesque uniform of the 1st Royal Dragoons of Germany, came over from East Cowes to pay a visit to Eastney Barracks. He was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. The object of the visit was to witness a sham fight—in which about 1,500 troops were engaged—arranged for the purpose of testing the utility in warfare of the smoke balls invented by Colonel Commandant Crease, C.B., and which are intended to act as a screen to hide the movements of the opposing troops. The arrangements were in charge of Colonel Crease, and among other officers who were present were General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, commanding the Southern District, and Lord Wolseley. After luncheon the Emperor witnessed the operations from a raised stage outside the mess-room windows. The weather was very hot, and some of the men fell out from fatigue. Then followed an inspection and march-past, after which, forming up in line of massed columns, the troops advanced, and delivered an Imperial salute. Sir Leicester Smyth called for "Three cheers for His Majesty," and the men responded with a tremendous shout, which was smilingly acknowledged by the Emperor.

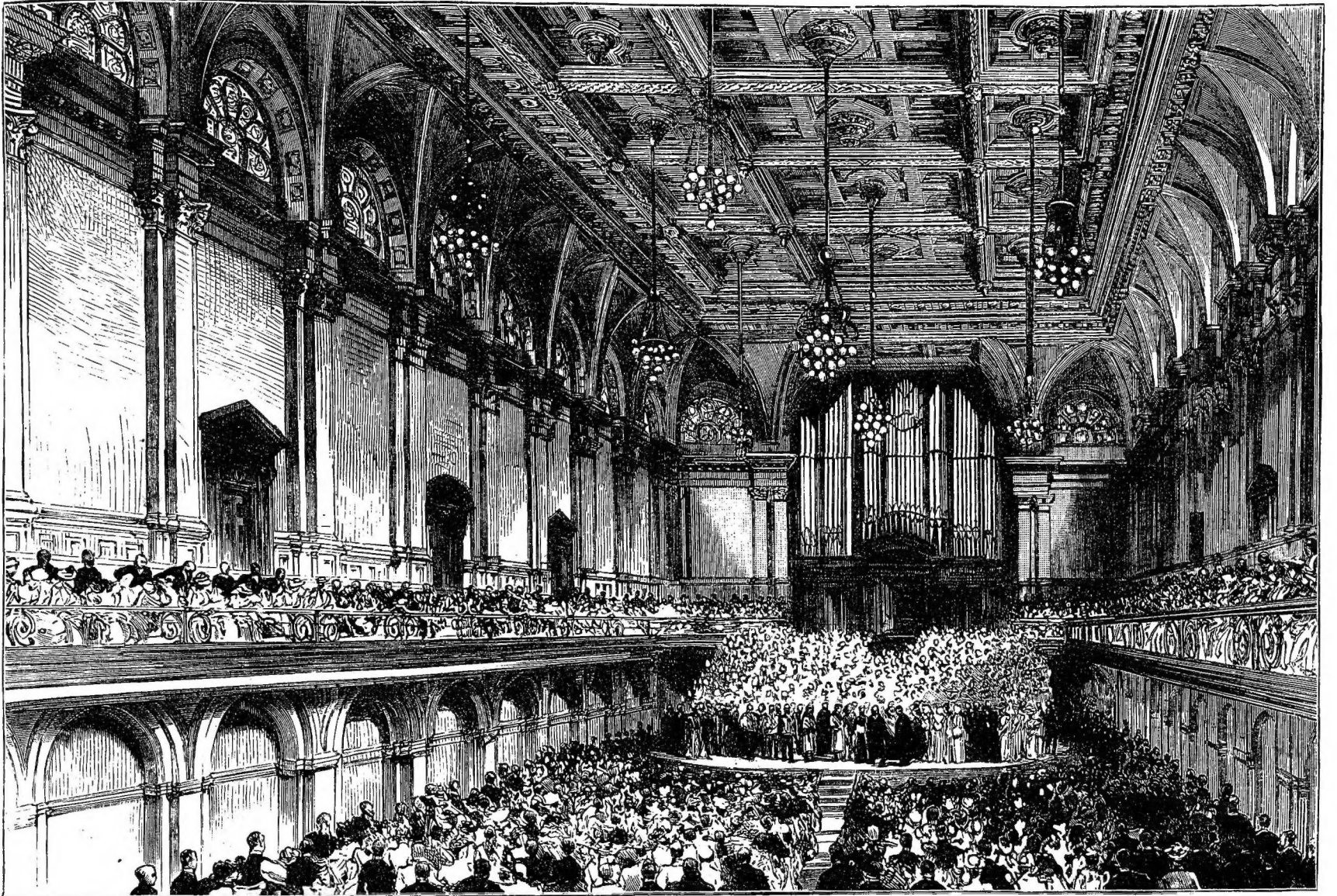


JACK'S SIESTA

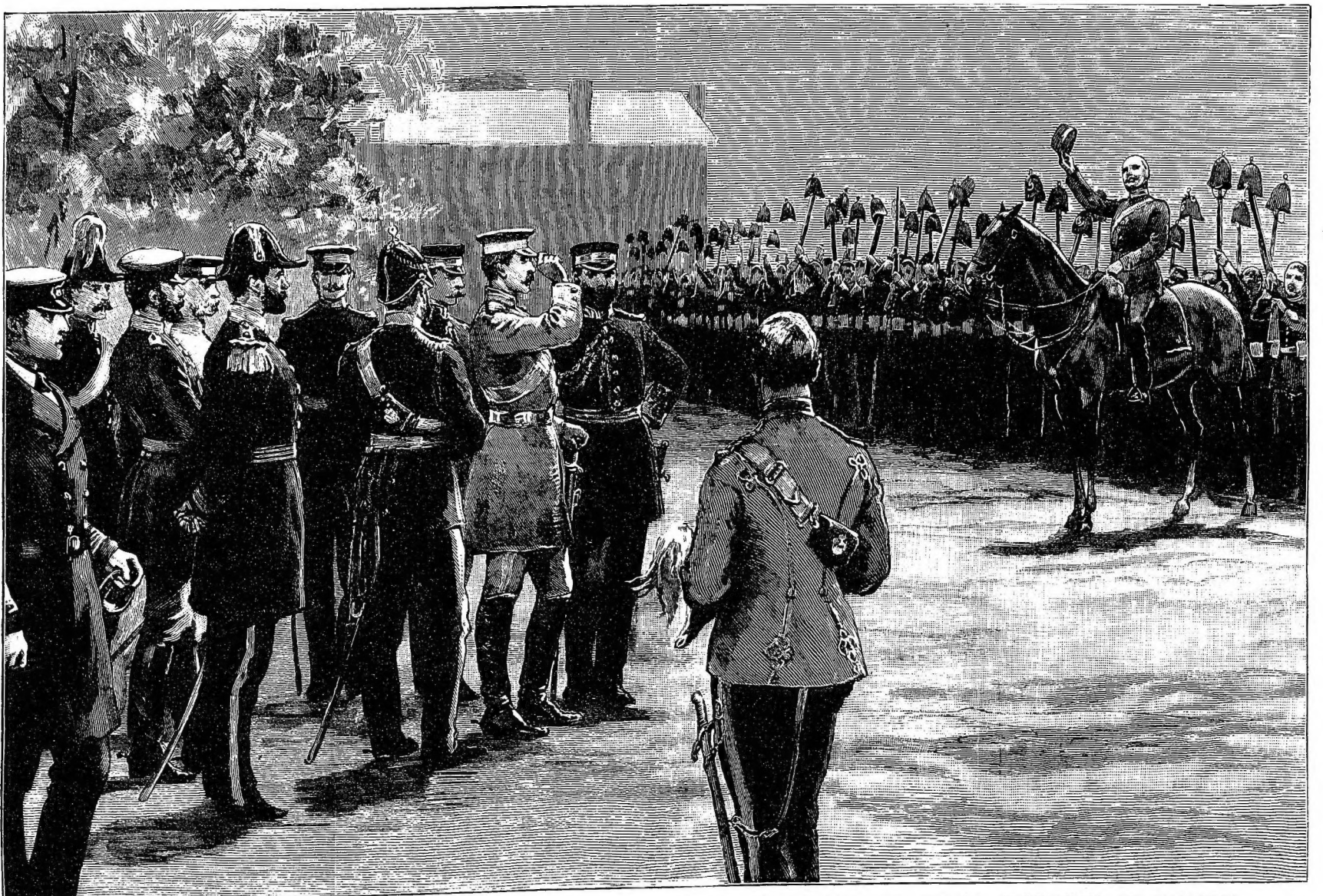


JACK'S MORNING PIPE

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES — LIFE OF A BLUE JACKET ON BOARD H. M. S. "CONQUEROR"



THE NEW TOWN HALL AT PORTSMOUTH—CEREMONY IN THE GRAND HALL, THE PRINCE OF WALES DECLARING THE BUILDING OPEN



"THREE CHEERS FOR THE EMPEROR!"—THE GERMAN EMPEROR REVIEWING THE ROYAL ARTILLERY AT EASTNEY BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH

CONVEYANCE OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MARQUIS TSËNG TO HUNAN

THE remains of the late Marquis Tseng left Peking on June 8th for conveyance to Hunan, on the River Yangtze, to be interred in the ancestral tombs of the Tseng family. Our sketch shows a halt at Yang Sung, on the River Peiho. Progress was slow, for though the distance to Tientsin, where the body will be placed on a steamer for Shanghai, is but a little over one hundred miles, constant delays were caused by the water in the river being very low, and by a contrary wind necessitating the junks being towed by coolies from the bank. Except three very large dark indigo-coloured flags, with Chinese inscriptions in white on them, there was nothing sombre in the appearance of the junks; on the contrary, each carried in its stern two triangular-shaped flags, striped longitudinally red, green, white, and black, which gave a gay and almost gala-like appearance to the procession. The junks were made of stained wood, the only difference between that conveying the body and the others was that the mast was composed of two spars forming a triangle with the deck. At each halting place the usual crowd of Chinese collected, but there appeared to be no pre-arranged reception of the cortege. The body was escorted by two river gunboats flying the Royal Standard of China half-mast high. These boats, which are exceedingly elegant in form, and carry a small gun in the bow, are used partly to keep peace on the river, and partly, or rather chiefly, to enforce the payment of the vexatious dues exacted by the local authorities at frequent intervals from the boatmen flying up and down the river.—Our engraving is from a sketch by "G. F. B."

THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION, WHAT BECOMES OF THE PICTURES?

AND
THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND

See page 185

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

A NEW serial story, by S. Baring Gould, M.A., illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.L., is continued on page 173.

"LA SPOSA"

HERE is the bride being adorned for the sacrifice, and contemplating in a small hand-mirror the gradual enhancement of her personal charms by the skilful art of an amateur *coiffeuse*. Then suddenly the door is thrown open, and one of her attendant maidens, with a meaning smile on her face, announces that the "psychological moment" has arrived. Incidents of this sort are usually more interesting when the scene is laid in humble life; there seems to be more genuineness and reality about the affair (though possibly this is mere fancy); anyhow, Mr. Melton Fisher has contrived to give us a very charming picture.

FIRING THE BIG GUNS BY ELECTRICITY

ELECTRIC firing is, we understand, only used at close quarters. The guns are laid on the object and the wire connects them with the conning tower; the officer, thus having command of the whole battery, completes the circuit, and the broadside is fired. The men are down on the deck in order to avoid the enemy's shot.

ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION-SERVICE ON BOARD THE "PARISIAN"

AMONG the many plans for relieving distress and poverty in this country, none seem to promise more success than several Societies which are founded for the purpose of promoting emigration of destitute and orphan children. These are picked up in the streets and by-ways of large towns, clothed, trained for a time, and then sent under supervision to Canada, where there appears to be a demand both for adoption into families and domestic service. Homeless waifs are thus rescued, and, as a rule, become useful and happy members of their new country. The sketch was made during a passage to Montreal in the *Parisian*; and it happened on that voyage that one hundred children of the Manchester Roman Catholic Mission were on board, under care of two priests and two nuns. Religious services were punctually held, and it is one of these that was sketched. Those children who had not got over sea-sickness joined from their berths with the rest who knelt on the deck, and it was impressive to see the earnest devotion of all. There could be no mistake of the affection between the children and those in charge; and before the voyage was over several of the former had been engaged as servants, and many were taken for the same purpose on landing. It is not a religious but a social question which these missions are trying to solve, with apparent success and promise for the future.—Our engraving is from a drawing by Mr. C. H. Cox.

THE LATE CARDINAL NEWMAN

CARDINAL NEWMAN, whose bodily strength had long been failing, died on Monday evening, in his ninetieth year, at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham. John Henry Newman was born in London, on February 21st, 1801, the son of a London banker. His mother came of a Huguenot family, and his younger brother, Francis William Newman, is well known as the teacher of a theism which forms a striking contrast to the Romanism of the Cardinal. Both of them received their early education at a preparatory school at Ealing. The first religious impressions of the future Cardinal were derived from "Evangelical" sources. He began his Oxford career at Trinity College, and some time after taking his degree, was elected a Fellow of Oriel, becoming the intimate friend of Pusey and Keble.

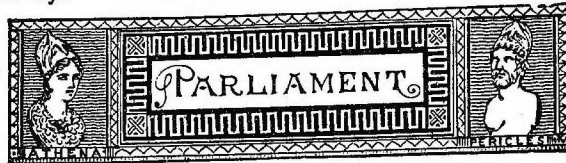
He took Orders in 1824, became tutor of his College in 1826, and in 1828 Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. In 1832 he made a sensation by preaching before the University a sermon, since regarded as a prelude of the Tractarian movement, of which he was one of the most prominent leaders, when his famous Tract, No. 90, issued in 1841, was publicly condemned by the University authorities. By degrees he gave up his long-cherished conviction that his opinions were consistent with his continuance in the Church of England, and in 1845 he was admitted into that of Rome. Ultimately he found a permanent home as head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham, where he opened a school for young Roman Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, and produced two of the best-known of his many writings, his "Apologia," and "The Grammar of Assent." In 1879 he was made a Cardinal. During the later years of so advanced a life, he has naturally abstained from the controversial warfare and other literary activity, which were once his delight, and has been little heard of apart from the Oratory, in the small burial-ground at Rednall Hill, connected with which, he is to be buried on Tuesday next.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. R. Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

See page 175

REMOVAL OF THE BRITISH GUNS FROM HELIGOLAND.—In addition to the account on page 185 the following, which we borrow from the *Standard*, describes the incidents shown in our engraving:—"The highest praise is due both to the officers and men of the *Calyso* and the *Wildfire* for the energy and despatch with which they have completed an extremely arduous task, with the aid of

but slender mechanical contrivances, and within a very brief period. It was found, however, that more than sixty-two tons of gear awaited removal, including two twenty-pound guns with carriages, and three forty-pounders, two mortars, ten small saluting batteries, and twenty tons of shot. The greater part of the ordnance stores had to be lowered down the side of the perpendicular cliff at the loftiest point of the Island, one hundred and ninety-two feet high. Owing to the absence of trees to which the lowering tackle might be attached, two anchors had to be bodily hauled up the cliff for this purpose. Once lowered, the guns had further to be slung under the boats, this operation taking four and a half hours to accomplish. From the eastern extremity of the island, a distance of a mile, seventy cases of powder had to be conveyed, by means of three frail wheelbarrows of which the island boasts, to the top of the stairs, down which they were gradually carried to the landing-stage. Lieutenant Brock was on shore, in charge of one hundred and twenty men from the *Calyso*, working incessantly between 4 A.M. and 10 P.M. during the two days."



THE sudden forward rush with business, which formed a pleasing feature last week in the House of Commons, proved to be only a feint. Towards the end of the week, affairs looked in so promising a condition that Mr. Smith, questioned by Mr. Fowler, mapped out a little programme by which Supply was to be closed last Saturday, an arrangement that would make it possible for the prorogation to be completed on Saturday in this week. No protest was raised at the time, and it seemed as if the matter were settled by common consent. But, as Mr. Goschen knows, there is nothing so illusory as this appearance in the House of Commons of accepting a proposition made from the Treasury Bench. Sometimes a Budget that has been hailed with approving cheers turns out to be a disastrous episode in a Ministerial career. Soon there followed, on Mr. Smith's announcement, protestations of the positive iniquity of disposing of sixty votes in Supply at three sittings.

It certainly was a large order, seeing that the particular votes at issue involved matters round which public interest is always buzzing. There was some talk, supposing the Ministry insisted upon carrying out their plan, of the Liberals rising in a body and leaving the House, shaking its dust from off their feet in protest against this dangerous dallying with the public revenues. But the Government did not mean to insist. They very rarely do. To the avowed object of getting business through in order to meet the urgent desire for an early Prorogation they had armed themselves with fullest opportunity. The Standing Order which closes debate at midnight was suspended, and the House might sit till any hour that was necessary in order to close Supply on Saturday. But Ministers shrank from the responsibility of getting Supply through on these terms. The proposal, of course, was not an original one. In the brave days of old it was nothing uncommon for the House to sit till three or four in the morning worrying out Obstruction. But, having got permission to remain at work all night, Ministers let members off shortly after midnight, the House adjourning practically about the same hour as if the Standing Order had not been suspended.

With the opening of this week a severer course was adopted, and the sittings have gone deeper into the night, the House sitting till a quarter to two on Wednesday morning. But the progress made has been slow, and it now becomes apparent that we shall be well into the next week before the Prorogation takes place, the House, with the duty of meeting in November, getting away for the holidays only a few days earlier than it did last Session, when it was not expected to meet again till February. One new element in the situation has been the return of Mr. Healy. He disappeared from the scene after the Irish Votes were agreed to, but has come back this week, and after his manner has stricken an average with his period of absence. Several topics have proved attractive to him, notably the mission of Sir Lintorn Simmons to the Vatican. This was a matter which excited Mr. Gladstone's keen interest, tempered in later days by the discovery that there had been more missions to the Vatican than that of Sir Lintorn Simmons, and that if this were to be discussed there would be a good deal of talk about Mr. Errington's business in Rome when Lord Granville was Foreign Secretary, and Mr. Gladstone's Government was wrestling with the Land League in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone went off to Hawarden before the Vote came on, and so left room for Mr. Healy, who delivered a rough-and-tumble speech of a hour's duration on the subject.

Another matter that has excited the attention of the Irish members, and even brought about a return of a large number who were understood to have retired from the scene, is the Bill promoted by the Corporation of Dublin. This measure has a peculiar history. It was brought in in the Commons and passed, with the approval of Mr. Balfour. When it went to the Lords, a Committee of that House struck out a clause giving the Corporation control over the collection of the City rates. The Irish members were instantly up in arms, and, strange to say, had the Chief Secretary as a companion, and even champion. When the Bill came back from the Lords, Mr. Balfour moved amendments reinstating it in the condition in which it had left the Commons. On Tuesday it reached the Lords again, and found quite a crowded House assembled to deal with it. Noble Lords who had gone off for the holidays came back breathless to resist this imperious action of the other House. Lord Salisbury, who had arranged to take his holiday from this day, postponed his departure. So rare a visitant as Lord Ashbourne, arriving post-haste from Dublin, appeared in his place, and took part in the debate.

Looking down at the House, whilst the conversation was going forward, there seemed no doubt of the result of the conflict. The Commons' amendments would be disagreed with, and a deadlock created. Everything depended upon Lord Salisbury, and it seemed that he must have given way, since the Lord Chancellor of Ireland rose from his place beside him to withstand the Commons' amendments. At the end, Lord Salisbury interposed, and acquitted himself with consummate skill in a difficult position. He advised their lordships not to reject the Commons' amendments, and they took his advice, but by a majority very different from that which the Conservative Premier is accustomed to command in the House of Lords. It was a small House, only fifty members remaining to vote, and these gave a majority of eight to the Government. But it was enough to save the Bill, and spare a snub for Mr. Balfour, which, if dealt, might have had momentous consequences.

Another matter in which the Lords have figured prominently during the week is in respect of the Bill promoted by the London County Council for the removal of the gates and bars that block the avenues to the great railway stations in the North of London. This Bill had passed all its stages in the Lords, save that formal one which seems to have been preserved with the object of creating embarrassing crises. The Bill having been read a third time, Lord Wemyss, on the motion that it "do pass," moved a new clause involving the principle of compensation. This was carried by a small majority, and the Bill returned to the Commons, where a fresh

difficulty arose. No one was quite certain who was to be compensated, the freeholder or the leaseholder. Amendments were introduced with the expressed object of making this point clear. But they succeeded only in making it worse, and the Commons, bewildered and embarrassed, found it necessary to adjourn the debate. That the Bill will receive the Royal Assent is pretty certain, though it is equally certain that it will remain a dead letter in the Statute Book, the County Council being resolved not to pledge any of the ratepayers' money for compensation, beyond the expenses that will be incurred in laying wood pavement.

Dr. Tanner has been happy in illuminating the closing hours of the Session with a flash of his peculiar humour, wherein he has even excelled himself. Interrupting the Home Secretary with an inconsequential but designedly offensive remark, Mr. Matthews turned in the direction whence the observation came, and said, "I don't know who the vulgar interrupter is." The Chairman, appealed to, declined to ear-mark the phrase as unparliamentary, but it deeply shocked the purists of Parliamentary language who sit below the gangway. Dr. Tanner insisted upon withdrawal, and this not being forthcoming he, in the excess of zeal for maintaining order and observing good manners, denounced the Home Secretary as "the basest and meanest skunk that ever sat on the bench." This brought up the Chairman with immediate and peremptory command for withdrawal and apology. Dr. Tanner showed a disposition to argue the matter. The Chairman grew more peremptory than ever; Mr. Sexton interposed, and in his most pompous manner urged his friend "by the ties of long comradeship" to withdraw the expression. Thus pressed, Dr. Tanner, specifically pointing out that what he did was at Mr. Sexton's instance, not by direction of the Chair—did not withdraw, much less apologise. "If," he said, "I have in any way offended, which I fail to see, I shall of course express my due contrition." The Chairman gratefully grabbed at this concession, the authority of the Chair and the decorum of Parliamentary usage were understood to be vindicated, and business proceeded.



AT THE RESUMED INQUEST, this week, on the victims of the New Cross tragedy, Dr. Townsend, the husband of the deceased lady, said that he had no idea of the cause of the catastrophe. He and the deceased De la Motte were intimate, and he had the highest opinion of De la Motte's honourable conduct. His wife, until lately, quite approved of his purchase of a property in America, and was willing to go thither. Another witness, the wife of a builder at Stratford, made the significant statement that Mrs. Townsend, crying very much, had asked to be allowed to hide in her house for four or five days, as her husband was going away and she did not want to go. A letter was produced in which this witness endeavoured to persuade Mrs. Townsend to accompany her husband, and intimated a fear that she was meditating a very different and compromising step. According to the medical evidence, the death in each case was to be attributed to prussic acid, and this deadly poison, it was proved, Mrs. Townsend had attempted to purchase. The jury, after a long consultation, found that "in both cases the cause of death was prussic acid poisoning, but how it came to be administered there was no evidence to show."

A VERY SINGULAR ACTION FOR BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE has been tried at Lewes Assizes before Mr. Baron Huddleston, the defendant being no other than the editor and proprietor of the *Matrimonial News*, Mr. Leslie Duncan, who has reached the mature age of sixty-three. The plaintiff, for whom the sum of 25,000*l.* was claimed as damages, was Miss Gladys Knowles, a young lady of twenty-one, said to be a niece of Sir Francis Knowles, and granddaughter of Admiral Knowles. She and her mother, a widow, were the only witnesses examined. According to the plaintiff's statement, she had called in March in last year at the defendant's office "for fun," she explained, but the result proved serious enough. The defendant offered, in the usual course of business, to find a husband for her, adding that, if he were not so old, she would find one in himself. How she received this intimation does not appear, but he called on her mother, and made the girl an offer of marriage, which was accepted by her. She visited him, and they went about together, she firmly believing in his repeated assurances of speedy wedlock. Improperities offered by him were resented by her, and he endeavoured to excuse them on the ground of their approaching marriage. Representing himself as very wealthy, he promised to settle on her 1,500*l.* a year during her married life, and 4,000*l.* a year at his death. All his promises ended in his refusal to fulfil his engagement on the plea of poverty, among others. In reply she wrote to him that she should be just as happy if poor, and, if necessary, would work for him. Her assurances were fruitless, and he remained obdurate. In the witness-box she declared that she was deeply attached to him, and her mother spoke of having regarded her attachment as an "infatuation." The jury found for the plaintiff, and marked their sense of the defendant's conduct by giving her 10,000*l.* damages.

IN THE ACTION, reported in this column at the time, in which the plaintiffs, at the time of the action arising, were proprietors of the *Hôtel Métropole*, London, it was decided, it will be remembered, that they had no claim against the separate estate of Lady Louise Silber for a large bill due by her husband (who has become insolvent) for his and her stay in that establishment. The Judge, however, reserved for consideration another claim of the plaintiffs, that to a lien on the luggage which she brought with her to the hotel. Lord Justice Lopes has decided that this claim is valid, and on the ground that as by the common law an innkeeper is bound to keep the goods of his visitors safely, and is liable in damages for a breach of that obligation, the lien on the goods of his visitors which the law gives him for his bill is commensurate with it.

WILLIAM HARPER BRADSHAW was charged at the Westminster Police Court, at the instance of the Charity Organisation Society, with fraudulently endeavouring to procure contributions for a seaside home for poor children at Southend. He had circulated pictures of it, but the house named and represented in them was shut up and unoccupied. It was pleaded on his behalf that he was the pioneer of the philanthropic movement to give poor children a holiday at the sea-side, and that in earlier years he had spent his own money on the good work which he founded. Nevertheless, Sir John Bridge sentenced him as a rogue and vagabond to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

MR. GLADSTONE opens the new Fine Art Gallery at Dundee, in October.

AN ANCIENT MEROVINGIAN CEMETERY has been found at Conflans, near Paris, during excavations on the railway line. Over two hundred plaster tombs were laid bare, containing well-preserved skeletons.

THE NEXT INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS will assemble at Rome in 1893, either at Easter or in September. The late gathering at Berlin closed on Saturday, and was a great success throughout.



POLITICAL.—Lord Hartington and Sir Henry James addressed on Monday, at Chatsworth, a large assemblage of Liberal Unionists from the Rossendale Division of Lancashire. After some pathetic references to the number of meetings which he was engaged to address during the short holiday (so-called) allowed him by the recess, Lord Hartington dealt illustratively with the growing grievance of Parliamentary Obstruction. A number of Members of Parliament now, he said, enter it simply to find active and pleasurable excitement, just as others take up cricket. As in cricket, so in Parliament, the object of the side which is out is to prevent the side which is in from making runs, which score against the former. But, if politics are to be regarded as a game of strength and skill, that game should be played according to recognised rules, and, above all, the play should be fair. In recent years there had been a tendency on the part of some politicians to disregard the rules of the game, and great applause greeted Lord Hartington's subsequent statement, that it was for the spectators of the game, as deeply interested in the stakes, to insist that the rules of fair play shall still be observed in political warfare, to visit with displeasure those who cease to play the game fairly, and, he added emphatically, to take care that they should be for the future disqualified from taking part in these proceedings.—Dealing with the future as well as with the past, Sir Henry James predicted that, if Mr. Gladstone should be in power again, he would have to repay with usurious interest the new debt which, since 1886, he has incurred to the Irish members for their support in Parliament and out of it. Then those few safeguards for the minority in Ireland that were introduced into his former Home Rule Bill will no longer be found, and then will come a moment for the renewed success of the Liberal Unionists. That will be its recruiting-time, and its time of an accession of fresh strength.—Lord Salisbury has promised to address a public demonstration at Liverpool, on November 18th, in connection with the Conference, at which Mr. Balfour will also speak, of the National Union of Constitutional and Conservative Associations, to be held in that city on November 17th and two following days.—Mr. Gladstone will pay a visit in October to his Mid-Lothian constituents, arriving on the 20th in Edinburgh, where he will address two meetings, speech-making afterwards at Dalkeith and West Calder.—The Marquis of Lorne has consented to become the Liberal Unionist candidate for the Handsworth Division of Staffordshire, and will receive the cordial support of the local Conservatives.

THE LORD MAYOR has decided not to convene just at present the public meeting at the Mansion House on the subject of the new Russian edict against the Jews, to request him to summon which an influential requisition was being prepared, and which was to have been attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, and other prominent personages. The reason assigned for this decision is an authoritative intimation received by the Lord Mayor that the edict, which it was feared would be enforced next month, is not to be promulgated.

IN THE GREAT RAILWAY STRIKE in South Wales, no settlement had been arrived at when we went to press. The companies have declined the offer of Sir E. J. Reed to act as mediator, and their refusal is a natural one, as he had previously and publicly declared that the men were completely in the right and their masters in the wrong. Lord Dunraven has consented to arbitrate if both sides seek his services. Early in the week 50,000 miners and iron-workers were idle in the Rhondda Valley and other districts, owing to the stoppage caused by the dockers and railway men's strike. The postal authorities were making extensive arrangements for the conveyance of letters by mail carts. Numbers of men, from Yorkshire and the Midlands have been drafted, under the protection of the police, into the disturbed districts, and on Tuesday there was a partial resumption of traffic on the Taff Vale Railway.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—In this year's manœuvres a Hostile Fleet ("C"), under Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, is supposed to be endeavouring to intercept the supplies of food and other raw material which are always reaching England by sea. As it is somewhat inferior to the British Fleet ("A"), under Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, its orders are to avoid a general action. On the commencement of hostilities, the Hostile Fleet was to leave Berehaven, and Portsmouth was to be left by the British Fleet twenty-four hours afterwards. Hostilities began at 5 P.M. on Friday, the 8th inst. Before dawn on the morning of Saturday last the British Fleet was aroused by an attack from several of the enemy's torpedo boats, which had crept in by the eastern entrance of Plymouth Sound, and which, whether hypothetically annihilated or not by the cannonade from the fleet, proved that Portsmouth is within range of a torpedo attack from Alderney, where the enemy's torpedo flotilla was stationed. In return, two torpedo boats belonging to the British Fleet attacked on Monday two colliers in Falmouth Harbour loading with coal for the enemy's fleet, but, after much firing, are said to have been captured by one of his torpedo-catchers. On Tuesday the British Fleet was in Crow Sound among the Scilly Isles, after a so far unsuccessful search for the fleet of the enemy.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National Artillery Association began on Saturday last week, as usual at Shoeburyness, which has been, and is, to the Volunteer Artillery what Wimbledon was to the Volunteer riflemen. The Commandant of the camp is Colonel R. McGregor Stewart, R.A., and the force is in four brigades, comprising about eighty gun-detachments of ten men each. In the 64-pounder (Palliser rifled muzzle-loader) competition on Monday, the 3rd Kent (Plumstead), third detachment, carried off the first prize. On Tuesday, the first prize in the 40-pounder Armstrong competition was won by the 1st Essex (Stratford), fifth detachment.

THE GRAVE of Rob Roy Macgregor, the Scottish Robin Hood, in the kirk-yard of Balquhiddy, Perthshire, where he was buried more than 150 years ago, has been enclosed by a bronze protecting-rail, erected at the expense of Mr. James McGregor, a London merchant.

A FIRE which proved very destructive, was discovered on Tuesday, between 11 and 12 A.M., to have broken out on the premises of Messrs. Stimpson and Co., in Lancelot Place, Brompton Road, the contents of which were nearly burnt out and the roof destroyed. By dint of great exertion on the part of the firemen—engines being rapidly despatched from almost every West-End station—the fire did not penetrate the adjacent oil-stores of Messrs. Harrod and Co., and though the great range of stables belonging to Messrs. C. S. Ward and Sons, in Brompton Road, was attacked by the flames, the valuable horses contained in them were rescued. Considerable damage was done to the Trevor Congregational Church in Trevor Square.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her seventy-fifth year, of Mrs. Caroline C. Hill, second daughter of the late General Sir Robert Sale, the heroic defender of Jellalabad against the Afghans in 1841-2; in his sixty-sixth year, of the Right Hon. William Edward Baxter, from 1855 to 1885 Liberal M.P. for Dundee, Secretary to the Admiralty from 1868 to 1871, and from

1871 to 1873 Secretary to the Treasury, since the latter year a Privy Councillor, a partner in the firm of Edward Baxter and Son, foreign merchants, of Dundee, a zealous opponent of Church establishments, and author of several works, most of them records of travel; in his seventy-third year, of Sir James Mackenzie, of Glenmuick, N.B., the son of an Aberdeen mercer, who, amassing a fortune in India, became a large landowner in Scotland, and last year was the host at Glenmuick of the Shah of Persia; in his forty-seventh year, of Dr. John B. O'Reilly, an Irish poet and politician, who, as a Fenian conspirator, was convicted of high treason, and, escaping in 1869 from a State prison in Australia, settled in the United States, where he has since been editor of the Boston *Pilot*; of Captain Adams, of Dundee, a well-known Arctic navigator and successful whaling captain, who some years ago was wrecked near the North Pole, and had barely time to leave his ship before it was crushed by the ice; and at the age of one hundred years and forty-one weeks, of Mr. Ambrose Winter, of Norwich, formerly a successful baker.

THE POETS' PROSE

IT has been said that all great poets write good prose. Some have been accused of writing prose at times, after the manner of the lamented and oft-quoted M. Jourdain, without knowing it. But, with the admission that all poets, like Homer, are occasionally permitted to nod, this accusation may be dismissed; and the statement that great poets write good prose may, on the whole, be considered justified. The poets of our own country have made contributions of no small value to the rich stores of English prose. The quantity is sometimes small, but the quality is nearly always good. Indeed, in some cases the poet's prose appears likely to outlive his poetry. Few people, probably, now care for the tortured conceits and misplaced learning that burden the verses of Cowley, who, in his own day, was most extravagantly belauded by all the poetic tribe. But his "Essays" must always remain an integral part of one of the choicest, although not the largest, divisions of our prose literature. Cowper, again, although his title to the name of poet is undoubted, is yet suffering some eclipse, as regards much of his verse, from the gradual lapse of time, and the consequent change of taste. But his letters can never be regarded as antiquated, or out of date; they will last as long as any prose in the language.

These, however, are exceptional cases. With most of our poets their prose, although good, is decidedly subordinate to their verse. This is pre-eminently true of Shakespeare. Apart from his dramatic prose, which is necessarily inseparable from the poetry of the plays, we have little besides his two dedications, that of the "Venus and Adonis," which he inscribed, as "the first heir of my invention," to the Earl of Southampton, and the dedication of the subsequent "graver labour" of "Lucrece"—"this pamphlet," as he slightly called it—to the same nobleman. Not much more important, although greater in bulk, is the prose work of Edmund Spenser. The "View of the Present State of Ireland," and a few letters to the pedantic Gabriel Harvey, comprise practically the whole of Spenser's prose.

The great Puritan poet was a master in both kinds of composition. As in verse Milton ranged from the delicate beauty of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," to the stirring strains of his noble sonnets—

In his hand
The thing became a Trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

and to the majestic harmonies of "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Lost," so in his prose the "voice whose sound was like the sea" ranged from the low level of the "Accidence Commenc't Grammar," and the scurrilous scolding of the divorce pamphlets, to the stately language and noble reasoning of the "Areopagitica" and "The Defence of the People of England." Milton's eminence as a prose-writer is not denied nowadays by any competent critic. The abusive and captious criticism of Dr. Johnson has long ceased to have any effect beyond tarnishing its author's own credit and reputation. However much the reader may disagree with the arguments and propositions of the famous "Defence," no one can read it without admiration for the noble form in which they are set forth, or without enjoyment of the music of the rhythmical and resonant periods. In face of this general acknowledgment of Milton's power, it remains a matter of surprise that no really complete and scholarly edition, well arranged and competently edited, of his prose works has yet been offered to the public.

The non-poetical writings of the next great English poet, John Dryden, are of a very different kind. They do not possess, nor aspire to, the elevation and stateliness of Milton's works, but they are among the best, as they are some of the earliest, specimens of our critical prose. The most important of these writings is the essay "Of Dramatic Poesy," which Dryden wrote, in 1665, in the country, whither he had fled from the violence of the Plague then raging in London. Besides this essay, which was issued as a separate publication, Dryden prefaced many of his plays and poetical works with critical articles which are still eminently readable, for, as Mr. Courthope has well remarked, his criticisms are "admirably felicitous in thought and racy in expression." These critical essays were the favourite reading of Edmund Burke, and Burke's own style is said to have been largely formed on Dryden. Fox told Francis Horner that Burke imitated "Glorious John" more than any one else.

To Dryden naturally succeeds Pope. Pope's reputation as a writer of English prose rests chiefly upon his correspondence. But his letters, especially those written in his earlier years, are somewhat artificial, and being always written with an eye to publication, lack the naturalness and spontaneity that make the letters of Cowper such charming reading. Pope's critical prose is more sincere, and its quality is always good. Perhaps his best critical work is the preface to his otherwise perfunctory edition of "Shakespeare." With the exception of Cowper, whose correspondence has been already mentioned, Gray, whose letters are excellent reading, and Goldsmith, who is only incidentally, so to speak, a verse-writer, there is hardly any poet, or poet's prose, worth mentioning until we arrive at the revival of poetry, and of literature generally, that closed the last and ushered in the present century.

Burns's prose-writings are greater in bulk than his verse, but, notwithstanding the extravagant laudation of them by some critics, they are very inferior to his poetry. Very diverse opinions have been recorded as to the merits of Burns's letters. Robertson thought them more extraordinary than his verse; but although it may be admitted that when Burns wrote, as Carlyle says, "to trusted friends on real interests, his style became simple, vigorous, expressive, sometimes even beautiful," yet the impartial reader cannot but observe, with Scott, "strong marks of affectation, with a tincture of pedantry."

The group of English poets who made the early years of the present century illustrious by their genius—Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge—have all left prose writings, varying in quality as in quantity. Wordsworth's most important prose composition is the famous preface to the second edition of the "Lyrical Ballads," wherein he discusses and justifies the new departure in poetry taken by Coleridge and himself. To this admirable essay must be added the poet's "Journals and Letters" and his "Guide to the Lake District." Shelley's prose is of great interest. His early Irish addresses are not of much literary importance, nor does his praise of vegetarianism arouse much enthusiasm, but several of the essays,

the "Defence of Poetry," with the preface to, and translation of, the "Symposium" of Plato, are compositions of no small interest and value. But Shelley's best prose is to be found in his "Letters," the delightful epistles of which Peacock, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Shelley, and other friends were the fortunate recipients. The last of the immortal three, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, made large contributions to the stores of English prose, but opinions probably differ greatly as to the quality thereof. But whatever may be the value of his theology, of his philosophy, or of his metaphysics, few will be found to deny that we could spare them all far better than the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," the melodious fragment of "Kubla Khan," or the mystery of "Christabel." His best verses, as Swinburne has said, "are jewels of the diamond's price, flowers of the rose's rank, but unlike any rose or diamond known." Byron's prose remains chiefly to be found in his "Letters." Southey's prose was admirable, and the comparatively little of it that is still read is likely to far outlast the greater part of his poetry.

Of the poets of a later day not much need be said. Longfellow, who may be regarded as an English poet by adoption, wrote one good romance, the graceful, picturesque "Hyperion"; "Kavanagh" is a more feeble and less interesting production. The notes of travel in "Outre Mer" are pleasant reading, but cannot take high rank as literature. Tennyson's prose is non-existent, or, at all events, unknown to the reading public. The non-poetical writings of Swinburne and Morris, so widely different in style, are too well known to need characterisation. Browning's one prose publication had a singular and unfortunate fate. In 1852 was published a volume of letters which purported to be written by Shelley, and to this was prefixed an introductory essay by Browning, discussing, not these letters, but Shelley's writings generally as a type of subjective as opposed to objective poetry. In a short time the letters were found to be forgeries, and the volume was suppressed. The interesting introductory essay shared the fate of the book to which it was attached, and was completely lost sight of until within the last few years it was reprinted by the Browning Society. G. L. A.

"MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW" is certainly the motto of some natives in India. A man of forty being examined recently before a magistrate at Bangalore stated that he earned daily a quarter of an anna (about 1½d.) by bottling ginger beer, and that he was quite satisfied with his wages and position.

A FRENCH FASTING WOMAN has died from the strain of the experiment. Some weeks ago Zélie Bourriou, belonging to a little town in Dordogne, much interested the French doctors by fasting for thirty-three days, but when the woman returned to an ordinary mode of living she became seriously ill, and little by little faded away.

A BALLET ON "STANLEY IN CENTRAL AFRICA" meets with much approval at the St. Petersburg Zoological Gardens. The explorer, got up according to the traditional foreign idea of the British tourist, is represented in the Aruwimi Forest, surrounded by most bewitching danseuses in fantastic costumes, who bear little resemblance to the famous pigmies of those wilds.

TWO SPARROWS STOPPED A PUBLIC TOWN CLOCK at Sarnia, Ontario, a short time since. The birds wanted to build their nest in the angle formed by the large hands, and, as the movement of the hands interfered with their building, the cunning sparrows wove them round with strands of grass and various materials, and effectually checked the action. So, at least, says the *Troy Northern Budget*.

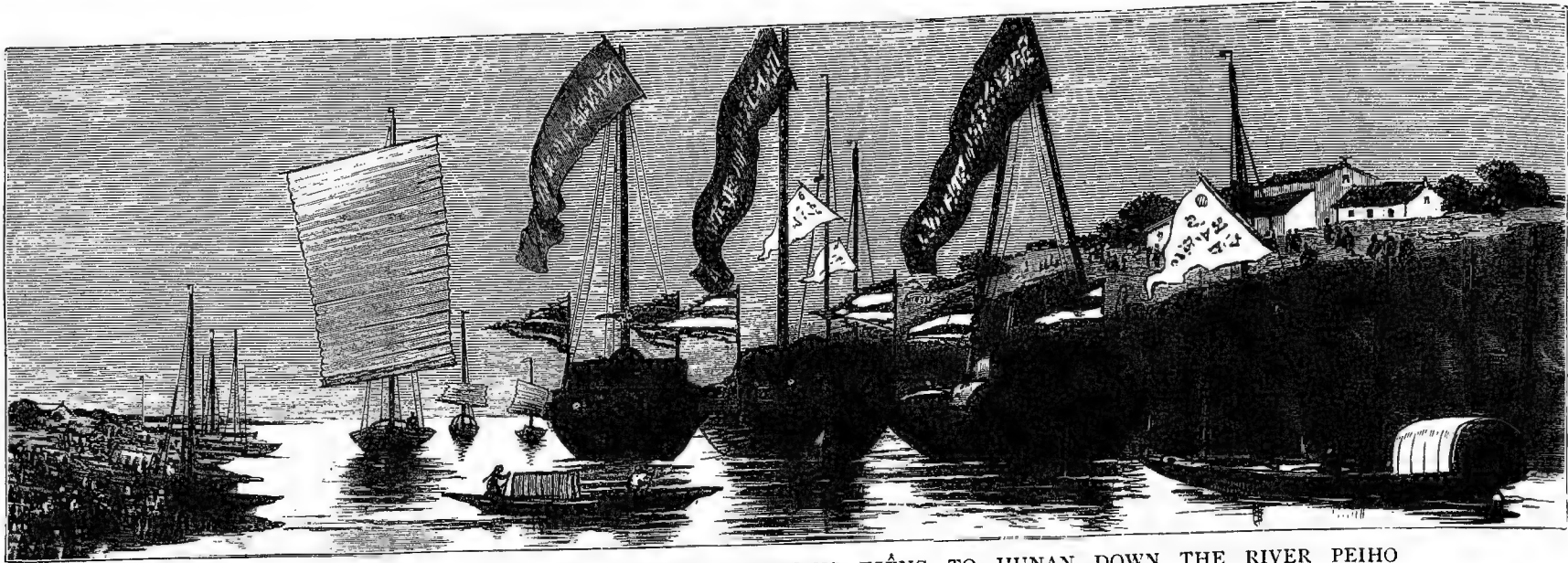
THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, have enjoyed a prosperous season, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. The total subscriptions were higher than for four years past, and the receipts of the spring and summer exhibitions exceeded those of last year. The Society will now organise an illustrative living collection of mosses, and will attempt to cultivate fungi artificially.

A ROYAL RACE OF BEGGARS flourishes in Nanking. The founder of the Ming dynasty in the fourteenth century, Hung Wu, was once a beggar; and when, after his accession, he was entertaining an old friend, he wished to appoint his former comrade to some lucrative office in the State. However, the friend declined the honour, stating that he only wanted to have plenty to eat and wear, and nothing to do. So Hung Wu created him Chief of a Royal Order of Beggars, and the clan has continued to the present day. The members of the Order still live in caves hollowed out of the city walls over the two water-gates—fairly comfortable quarters, with arched ceilings. They are well dressed, smoke much opium, and are governed by a chief appointed by the police authorities.

ITALY IS ANXIOUS TO GET HER SHARE in the present scramble for Africa, and plans an Italian East African Company, under the advice of Captain Casati. The Company would undertake the political, commercial, and legislative management of all the East African territory under the Italian Protectorate—much after the style of the old East India Company. This region embraces the coast line from Cape Beduin down to Kismayu at the mouth of the Juba, the British East African Company commanding the other bank of the river. Many important African cities lie in this tract, all seaports, which receive most of the commerce of Southern Abyssinia and the Gallas country, while the *Hinterland* contains fertile arable country, mines, and much agricultural produce, besides being watered by three rivers.

SARATOGA, the famous American summer resort, has become very "horsey"—races and driving being the absorbing amusement of the present season. The belle who can drive extinguishes all rivals, so that every damsel with any pretensions to popularity invests in a dog-cart, and takes out her admirers, reversing the former traditions. One girl in Saratoga handles the ribbons in most scientific style. Her dog-cart is cream-colour picked out with red, the horse is also cream-colour, and the harness of dark red leather with gold mountings. The fair driver is a blonde, with creamy complexion, and dresses in red and white to match—red skirt trimmed with cream braid, cream sailor blouse under a red silk jacket with white sleeves, red gauntlet gloves, white sailor hat, with red band, and red veil. Her masculine companion wears white flannels and a red tie.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low. During the last two weeks the deaths numbered 1,638 and 1,594, being respectively an increase of 265 and a decrease of 89, and 57 and 77 below the average, while death-rate was 19.8 and 18.8 per 1,000. The mortality has remained much under the mean rate throughout the current quarter. Owing to warmer weather the fatalities from diarrhoea and dysentery rose in the first week to 177 (an advance of 10), and in the next reached 176 (a decline of 1), while there were 7 and 4 casualties from cholera or choleraic diarrhoea (an increase of 6, and fall of 3). There were 82 and 95 deaths from measles (a fall of 12, and rise of 13), 45 and 37 from whooping-cough (a decline of 17 and 8), 36 and 22 from diphtheria (an advance of 20, and decrease of 14), 19 and 17 from scarlet fever (an increase of 6, and decrease of 2), 11 each week from enteric fever (a rise of 9 in the first week), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Fatal cases of the diseases of the respiratory organs exceed the average, numbering 215 and 197 (an increase of 30, and fall of 18). Different forms of violence caused 73 and deaths, including 13 and 5 suicides, and 13 and 11 cases of drowning. There were 2,557 and 2,176 births registered (an increase of 45, and fall 381), and 58 and 489 under the usual return.



CONVEYANCE OF THE REMAINS OF THE LATE MARQUIS TSÉNG TO HUNAN DOWN THE RIVER PEIHO



A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING WITH THE POLICE



ONE OF THE MAIN AVENUES OF THE EXHIBITION



"EN ROUTE" FOR THE POLICE STATION



WAITING FOR THE MIKADO'S ARRIVAL IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS
THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION AT TOKIO
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN JAPAN



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

The surgeon and yeoman threw themselves in his way and disarmed him.

“URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR”

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF “MEHALAH,” “JOHN HERRING,” “COURT ROYAL,” &c.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GLOVES AGAIN

ANTHONY remained at Willsworthy. He had behaved exceedingly badly, had wounded the good lady of the house where most susceptible to pain, and so acutely that she had fallen into unconsciousness; yet he remained on. He was accustomed to consult his own wishes, not those of others, and to put on one side all considerations of expediency and good feeling, where his own caprice was concerned.

Urith and the servant wench had carried Madame Malvine to her room, and Solomon Gibbs had dashed off to the stables to get his horse, so as to summon the surgeon from Tavistock.

Anthony was alone in the little hall, and he leaned his elbows on the window-sill and looked out. There was nothing for him to see; nothing to interest him in the barn wall opposite, which was all that was commanded by the window; so he turned his eyes on a peacock butterfly that had hibernated in the hall, and now with return of spring shook off sleep and fluttered against the leaded panes, bruising its wings in its efforts to escape into the outer air. There were no flowers in the window; nothing at all save some dead flies and a pair of lady's riding-gloves folded together.

Anthony looked round the hall. It was low, not above seven feet high, unceiled, with black oak unmoistened rafters. There was a large granite fireplace, no sculptured oak mantelpiece over it; nothing save a plain shelf; and above it some arms, a couple of pistols, a sword, a pike or two, and a crossbow. The walls were not panelled save only by the window, where was the table, and where the family dined. The walls elsewhere were plainly white-washed, and had not even that decoration that was affected at the tavern—ballads with quaint woodcuts pasted against them. There was no deer park attached to the house; there never had been even a paddock for deer, consequently there were no antlers in the hall.

Near the window was a recess in the wall over a granite pan or bowl partly built into the wall. At first sight it might be taken as a basin in which to wash the hands; but it had no pipe from it to convey the fouled water away. Such pans are found in many old Western farmhouses and manor halls, and their purport is almost forgotten. They were formerly employed for the scalding of the milk and the making of clouted cream. Red-hot charcoal was placed in these basins, and the pans of milk planted on the cinders. The pans remained there, the coals being fanned by the kitchen-maid, till the cream was formed on the surface, and in this cream-coat the ring of the bottom of the pan indicated itself on the surface

This was the token that the milk had yielded up all its quotient of fatty matter. Thereupon the pan was removed to the cool dairy. The presence of the granite cream-producer showed that the hall served a double purpose: it was not only a sitting and dining-room, but one in which some of the dairy processes were carried on. Moreover, near the entrance-door, was what was called the “well-room,” entered from the hall. This was a small lean-to apartment on one side of the porch, paved with cobble-stones, in which was a stone trough always brimming with crystal moorland water, conducted into it from outside, and carried away outside again, as it ran off. As this was the sole source whence all the water-supply required for the house was obtained—for dairy, for kitchen, and for table—it may be imagined that the hall was a passage-room, traversed all day long by the servant-wenches with pails, and pans, and jugs.

Such an arrangement was suitable enough in the time before the Wars of the Roses, when Willsworthy was built; but its inconvenience became apparent with the improved social conditions of the Tudor reigns, and in the time of Elizabeth an addition had been made to the house, so that it now possessed two small parlours looking into the garden at the back; but these Anthony had not seen. In these some attempt was made at ornament. A manor house before the Tudor epoch rarely consisted of more than a hall, a lady's bower, kitchen, and cellars, on the ground-floor; Willsworthy had been enlarged by the addition of a second parlour, with the object of abandoning the Hall, to become a sort of second kitchen.

But the family had been poor, and continued in its ancestral mode of life. The second parlour had its shutters shut, and was never used, and Madame Malvine sat, as had her husband, and the owners of Willsworthy before them, in the Hall, and endured the traffic through it, and the slops on the stone floor from the overflowing pails.

The paving of the Hall was of granite blocks, rudely fitted together, and was strewn with dry brown bracken. We marvel at the discomfort of ancient chairs, because the seats are so high from the ground. We forget that the footstool was an attendant inseparable from the chair, when ladies sat in these stone-floored halls. They were necessary adjuncts, holding their feet out of the draught, and off the stone.

Small and mean as the manor house would appear in one's eyes now, yet it was of sufficient consequence in early days to have its chapel, a privilege only accorded to the greater houses, and wealthiest gentry. The chapel was now in ruins. It had not been used since the Reformation.

Anthony became impatient of waiting. He would not leave, and he was vexed, because he was kept loitering at the window without some one to speak to.

He was tired of looking at the butterfly battering its wings to pieces, so he took up the gloves and unrolled them—a pretty pair of fine leather ladies' gloves, reaching to the elbow, and laced with silk ribbon and silver tags. Elegant gloves; more handsome, Anthony thought, than suited the usual style of Urith's dress. He had nothing else to do but turn them inside out, unfold, and retold them.

As he was thus engaged, he thought over an interview he had had that morning with his father. With all his faults, and they were many, the young man was open and direct, and he had told his father what he had done the night before.

To his surprise, directly old Cleverdon heard that he had pulled up Richard Malvine's head post, and thrown it on the tavern table before the toppers, he burst into an exultant laugh, and rubbed his hands together gleefully.

When, moreover, Anthony expressed his intention of going to Willsworthy to offer an apology, the old man had vehemently and boisterously dissuaded him from so doing.

“What are the Malvines?” he had said; “a raggle-taggle, beggarly crew. I won't have it said that a son of mine veiled his bonnet to them. That was a fair estate once, but first one portion and then another portion has been sold away, and now there is but enough to starve on left. Pshaw! let them endure and pocket the affront. If they try to resent it, and prosecute you in court of law, I will throw in my money-bag against their moleskin purse, and see which cause then has most weight in the scales of justice.”

The intemperance of his father's conduct and words had on young Anthony precisely the opposite effect to that intended. It opened the young man's eyes to the gravity of his conduct. Without answering his father he went to Willsworthy, leaving the old man satisfied that he had overborne his son's resolution to make amends for his offence. Whether this would have happened had not Urith produced so strong an impression on his heart the previous day, and enlisted him on her side, may well be questioned; for this visit of apology involved an acknowledgment of wrongdoing which was not readily made by Anthony. He was thinking over, and wondering at, his father's conduct, when Urith entered the hall, and expressed surprise at seeing him.

“I tarried,” said he, “to know how it fared with your mother.” Urith replied, somewhat stiffly, “The shock of hearing what you had done has given her a fit.”

“She has had them before?”

"Oh, yes. She cannot endure violent emotion, and your behaviour—"

"I have said I am sorry; what can I do more? Tell me, and I will do it. The stake was rotten, and broke off. If you will, I will have a stone slab placed on the grave at my own cost."

Urith flushed dark.

"That I refuse in my mother's name and in mine. We will not be beholden to you—to any stranger—in such a matter; and after what has been done, certainly not to you."

Anthony stamped with impatience.

"I have told you I am sorry. I never made an apology to any one in my life before. I supposed that an apology offered was at once frankly accepted. I have told you it was all a mistake. I intended no ill. It was a pitch-black night—I could not see what I laid hold of. My act was, if you will, an act of folly—but have you never committed acts of folly? You ran away from home yesterday. Did not that trouble your mother, and occasion greater perturbation of feeling?"

Urith looked down. "Yes," she said, "one foolery followed on another. First came mine, then yours. The two combined were too much for my mother to endure."

"We are a couple of fools; be it so," said Anthony. "Now that is settled. Young folks' brains are not ripened, but are like the pith in early hazel nuts. It is not their fault if they act foolishly. That is settled. You believed my account. I never lie, though I be a fool."

"Yes, I have accepted your account, and I, in part, forgive you."

"In part! By Heaven, that is a motley forgiveness—a fool's forgiveness. I must have a complete one. Come here. Come to this window. Why should I shout across the hall to you, and you stand with your back turned to me, as though we were on opposite sides of the Cleave?" He spoke with as much imperiousness as if he were in his own house, commanded her as though he expected of her as ready submission as was accorded him by his sister.

"What do you want with me? I do not care to go near a man subject to such outbreaks of folly."

"You are one to declaim!" said Anthony, scornfully. "You who run away, and bite your knuckles till they are raw."

Urith's brow darkened. "You might have spared me that taunt," she said; "you would have done so had you been generous."

"Come over here," commanded Anthony. "How can I measure my words when I have to throw them at you from a furlong off? It is like a game of quoits when one has not strid the distance, and knows not what force to employ."

Urith without further demur came to him. This was a new experience to her to be addressed in tones of command; her mother scolded and found fault, and gave, indeed, orders which she countermanded next moment, so that Urith had grown up with the habit of following her own desires, and disregarding the contradictory or impossible injunctions laid on her.

"Come here, Urith," said Anthony; "I do not see why we have been such strangers heretofore. Why do you never come to Hall?"

"Because Hall has never come to Willsworthy."

"But my sister; you would like Bessie—I am sure of that."

"I like her now."

"Then you will come and see her at Hall?"

"When she has first been to see me, and has asked me to return the visit."

"She shall do that at once."

"She has promised to come here. She was very kind to me last night."

"She is a good creature," said Anthony, condescendingly.

"And no fool," threw in Urith.

"I don't say she is clever, but what brains she has are full ripe. She is considerably older than I am."

To this Urith made no response.

Then Anthony took up the gloves, drew them out, and passed them under the ribbon of his hat.

"I was your true knight yesterday, achieving your deliverance, and every true knight must wear either his lady's colours or some pledge to show that she has accepted him as her knight. That, I have heard say, is how some crests were given or taken. Now I have assumed mine—your gloves. I take them as my right, and shall wear them in your name."

"They are not mine," said Urith; "you will do me a favour if you will take them for me to her to whom they of right belong, and say that I return them to her. She lost them last night, and I found them. I never go near Kilworthy—never have an opportunity of seeing her—and her brother I am not likely to see. Therefore I beseech you to convey them to her from me."

"To whom? Not Julian?"

"Yes, to Julian."

Anthony muttered an oath.

"I will take them from my hat and throw them under foot," he said, angrily. "I did not ask for a favour of Julian Crymes, but for something of yours, Urith."

"You did not ask any one for a favour," she replied, gravely. "You took the gloves unasked."

He pulled them from his hat, and was about to cast them back on the window-sill, when Urith arrested his hand.

"No," she said; "I asked you a favour, and you will not be so discourteous a knight as to refuse it me."

"You take me as your knight!" exclaimed Anthony, with a flash of pleasure from his eyes that met hers, and before which hers fell.

"My errand boy," she said, with a smile, "my foot-page to carry messages from me. You will take the gloves to Julian Crymes."

"Not in my hat, but in my belt thus," said Anthony, passing them under his girdle. Then, after a pause, he said, "You have given me nothing."

"Yes I have."

"What? Only another maid's gloves?"

"Something else. My forgiveness."

"Full?"

"Yes—full. Go now and take the gloves."

"I shall return another day for something of your own."

Still he loitered; then suddenly looked up with a laugh. "Mistress! What is your livery? What your colour?"

"My colour! Yellow—yellow as the marigold, for I am jealous."

"Then, here is my hat. You shall put your badge in it."

"Not till I admit your service."

"You have—you have given me a commission."

Urith laughed. "Very well. There are marsh marigolds in the brook. You shall have them."

CHAPTER XII.

AND AGAIN

ANTHONY went home to Hall. He was on foot—if he must go to Kilworthy and return the gloves to Julian Crymes, he would ride. They hung in his girdle. His hat was gay with marsh marigolds. A sudden, overwhelming intoxication of happiness had come over Urith. She was loved, and loved in return. Her heart had hitherto known no love, or only that which was rendered as a duty to an exacting and trying mother. The world to her had become wider, brighter, the sky higher. The condition in which her mother was was forgotten, for a moment, for a moment only, as with

fluttering heart and trembling fingers, and pulses that leaped and then were still, she picked the marigolds and put them in his cap. Then he was gone, and she returned at once to her mother's room.

Anthony wore his hat ajant as he strode into the yard of Hall, and when he saw his sister Bessie in the door, he called to her to come to him, to save himself the trouble of taking a dozen steps to her out of his way to the stable.

She obeyed the summons at once.

"Bess!" said he, "I have made a promise for thee. I have been to Willsworthy, and have said that thou wilt go there to-day."

"Oh, Anthony!" said Elizabeth, in return. "How could you do as you have done concerning the headpiece?"

"There, there! that is finished and done for. I sent it back the same night. I called up the sexton to help me. But the matter is at an end, and I will not have it stirred again. Do you hear, you must go to Willsworthy this day. I have passed my word."

"I cannot, Tony. I was on my way there, when I met Luke, and he told me what you had done. Then for shame I could not go on, but returned home."

"I went there and made my peace," said Anthony. "Do not blow a drop of soap into a vast globe. It is all over and mended. I said I was sorry, and that was the end of the matter."

"But Luke told me that Mistress Malvine has had a fit because of it."

"She has had the like before, and has recovered; she will be herself again to-morrow—and, it matters not! sickly and aged folk must expect these accidents. You shall go to Willsworthy to-day."

"I cannot indeed, brother, for my father has forbidden it."

"Forbidden you going there?"

"Yes, brother, when I came back, he asked where I had been, and when I told him he was wroth, and bade me never go there again. He would not, he said, have it appear that he was begging off from the consequences of what you had done."

"I have begged off. That is to say—I explained it was all a mistake. I meant no wrong, and so it is covered up and passed over."

"That may be, Tony, but against my father's command I cannot go."

"It is such folly," said Anthony, "I will go see him myself. You shall go there. I told Urith that I would send you. My father shall not make my word empty."

He went by her.

She caught his arm, and said, in a low tone, "Brother, why do you make so much now of Urith Malvine? Are you treating her as your true love?"

"True love!" repeated he, scornfully. "That is the way with all you woman-kind. If one but sees a handsome girl, and speaks two words to her, at once you arrive at the notion that we have chosen each other as true lovers, passed rings and promises, and wished for a marriage licence. Let me go by."

He walked into the house, and to his father's room, which he entered without announcing himself.

The old man sat by the fire. His account-books were on the table, at his side. The fire was of turf and wood.

"What is this, father?" began Anthony, in his imperious fashion. "That you have forbidden Bess to go to see the Malvine family, and the Madam is ill—had a falling fit this morning."

"It is not for us to make a scrape and a cringe to the like of them," answered the old man, raising himself in his chair by a hand on each arm, as he had sunk together in the seat. "I take it the Cleverdons need not stoop to that beggar brood."

"I did wrong," said Anthony shortly. "And I have been to Willsworthy, and said I was sorry. I offered to put up a monument of stone to Master Richard Malvine at our own cost."

"You did!"

"Yes, father, I did; I would do it at my own expense."

"You have not a penny but what I allow you, and not one penny would I hand out for such a purpose."

"Then it is as well that my offer was refused."

"I bade you forbear going to that house when you spoke of it this morning."

"You advised me not to go; but my conscience spake louder than your voice, father, and I went."

"How were you received?" asked old Cleverdon with a malignant leer.

Anthony shrugged his shoulders: "The old Madam fell into a fit at the sight of me. There was also Luke there."

"Oh, Luke!" said Anthony senior, with a sneer. "He may go there; but no son or daughter of mine. We do not consort with beggars. That is enough. You have been. Do not go again. If they bring the matter into a court of law I am well content—more than content, for it will bring them to utter beggary, and they will have, maybe, to sell, and I will buy them out." He turned to the fire and laughed at the thought. Then, turning his face round again over his pointed shoulder, he said, in an altered tone, "I am glad you are in here; you do not often give me a chance of a talk, and now I wish to speak with you of serious matters. You are getting to be a man, Tony—quite a man—and must think of settling in life. It is high time for us to have the arrangement with Julian Crymes—"

"What arrangement?"

"Oh, you know. It has been an understood thing. You have not been ignorant, though you may affect to know nothing about it. Fine property hers! All the Kilworthy estate after her father's death. He has it for his life. But there is money. A good deal, I doubt not, will go with her hand at once. If we had that we could clear the mortgage off Hall."

Anthony frowned, and folded his arms.

"I am against delaying marriage till late," continued old Cleverdon; "so I propose that you have a talk with Julian at once, and get her to say when it is to be. Some time this year; but not in May—May marriages are unlucky." The old man chuckled, and said, "I reckon your honeymoon you will find a harvest moon."

"I have no fancy for Julian Crymes," said Anthony; "I never had."

"Pshaw! Of course you have a fancy for Kilworthy. It will fit on with Hall bravely; and so the old Glanville property will come together all in time to the Cleverdons."

"I am not going to take Julian for the sake of Kilworthy. That you may be assured of," said Anthony.

"Oh, yes, you will; but I dare say you want to keep out of chains a little longer. If so, I do not press you. Nevertheless, in the end it comes to this—you must take Julian and her estate."

"I will have neither the one nor the other," said Anthony. "I do not want to marry—when I do I will please myself."

"You will consult my wishes and my plans," said the father. "But there, I have said enough. Turn the thing over in your head; the girl likes you, small blame to her—you are the bravest cockrell in the district, and can crow loud enough to make all others keep silence."

"I will never take Julian," again said Anthony. "It is of no use, father, urging this; she has been thrown at me, and has thrown herself at me. I may have prattled and laughed with her, but I never cared much for her. I shall never take but the maid that pleases me; I give you assurance of this, father."

"Well, well, that will suffice. I was too early in speaking. Take your time; in the end you will see through my spectacles. Now I am busy; you may go."

Anthony left. He was irritated with his father for endeavouring to

force him to marry Julian Crymes, irritated with him for his depreciatory tone when speaking of the Malvines, irritated with him for not allowing his sister to go to Willsworthy.

At the present moment he felt very reluctant to go to Kilworthy and see Julian to return her the pair of gloves. After she had been thrust on him and he had declined to think of her, he felt out of humour for a visit to her; he had lost command of himself, in his annoyance, and might speak with scant courtesy.

"If I could light on Fox I would give him the gloves," said Anthony, as he mounted the horse.

He rode out on a down near Hall, and there drew rein, uncertain whether he would go direct to Kilworthy or not.

"No," said he, "I will ride first to Peter Tavy and see that the head-post of Master Malvine be secure. I will give the sexton something to have the foot scarfed, that it may not fall over or give way. After that I can go to Kilworthy." So he turned his horse's head in the direction of the inn, the Hare and Hounds at Cudliptown, where he would fall into the road to Peter Tavy.

In his irritation at what his father had proposed, he forgot about the bunch of flowers in his hat. He left them there disregarded, fretting in his mind at his father's attempt to force him to a union that was distasteful to him. He liked Julian well enough; she was a handsome girl. He had admired her, he had played the lover—played without serious intent, for his heart had not been touched—but now he entertained an aversion from her, an aversion that was not old; it dated but from the previous day, but it had ripened whilst his father spoke to him of her.

Anthony was this day like a charged electric battery, and any one which came near him received a shock. His father had seen that the mood of the young man was not one in which he would bear to be contradicted; the old man was aware that his son would discharge his feelings against him quite as readily as against another, and he, therefore, had the discretion not to press a point that irritated Anthony, and was like to provoke an outburst.

And now, as Anthony rode over the down, past many old tumuli covering the dead of prehistoric times, he had no eyes for the beauty of the scene that opened before him, eyes for no antiquities that he passed, ears for none of the fresh and pleasant voices of early spring that filled the air; he was occupied with his own thoughts, grumbling and muttering over the matters of dissatisfaction that had risen up and crossed him. He had apologised for the outrage committed on Richard Malvine's grave, but he could not excuse himself of having occasioned a shock to Mistress Malvine. He was angry with his father for the slighting manner in which he spoke of the Malvines, for having forbidden Bessie going to them, for having endeavoured to force him into an engagement with Julian. He would please himself, murmured Anthony to himself; in such a matter as this he would brook no dictation. His liking for Urith was too young to have assumed any shape and force, and he had no thoughts of its leading any further. Such as it was, it had been fed and stimulated by opposition—the interference on the moor, the opposition of his father, the difficulties put in his way by his own act—but then Anthony was just the man to be settled in a course by encountering opposition therein.

He crossed the river, reached Cudliptown, and saw the surgeon's horse hitched up outside the tavern. The doctor had been to Willsworthy, and had halted at the Hare and Hounds for refreshment on his way home.

Anthony at once dismounted. He would go in there and ask tidings of the health of the widow.

He fastened up his horse and entered the tavern, in his usual swaggering, defiant manner, with his hat on, and a frown on his brow. He found in the inn, not the surgeon only, but James Cudlip, and to his surprise, Anthony Crymes.

The relationship in which Anthony Cleverdon stood to Fox was intimate but not cordial. They had known each other and had associated together since they were children; they had been at school together, they hunted, and rabbit, and hawked together. Anthony was not one who could endure to be alone, and as he had no other companion of his age and quality with whom to associate, he took up with Fox rather than be solitary. But when together they were ever bickering. Fox's bitter tongue made Anthony smart, and with his slow wit he was incapable of other retort than threat. Moreover, from every one else, young Anthony received flattery; only from Fox did he get gibes. He bore in his heart a simmering grudge against him that never boiled up into open quarrel. Fox took a malicious delight in tormenting his comrade, whom he both envied and disliked.

That Anthony Crymes had paid his addresses to Urith, and had been refused, was unknown to Anthony Cleverdon, to whom Crymes confided no secrets of his heart or ambition.

When Anthony caught sight of Fox at the table, he checked the question relative to the condition of Madame Malvine that rose to his lips, and came over to the settle.

"Why! what a May Duke have we here!" exclaimed Fox Crymes, pointing with a laugh at Anthony's cap. "What is the meaning of this decoration?"

Instead of replying, Anthony called for ale.

"And wearing his mistress' gloves as well!" shouted Crymes.

"They are not my mistress' gloves," answered Anthony, hastily, and in a tone of great irritation. "If you would know, Fox, whose they are, then I tell you, they belong to your sister."

"How came you by them? And wherefore wear them?"

"I was on the look out for you, Fox, to return them to you for her. I do not want them. She lost them overnight."

"And where did you find them? On the moor?"

"They were given to me by the finder. Will that satisfy you? I will answer no more questions."

Crymes saw that Anthony Cleverdon was in an irascible mood—such a mood as gave him special opportunities of vexing Anthony and amusing himself.

"And now about your posie of golden cups?" he asked tauntingly.

"I said I would answer no more questions."

"It is not necessary. I know very well where you have been."

"I have been home—at Hall," said Anthony, going over to the table from the settle, where he felt himself uneasy with all eyes fixed on him. He pulled the gloves out of his belt and laid them before him, and drew them their full length on the table, then smoothed them with his finger. He wished he had not entered the inn; his face was clouded, and his muscles twitched, Crymes enjoying his evident annoyance. He sat on the further side of the table, with his mug of beer by him.

"I know very well where you have been," said Fox again, with his twinkling, malicious eyes fixed on Anthony. "I was at the same place the day before yesterday; and also came off with a posie—but a better one than yours."

"It is a lie!" burst from the irritated young man, starting. "Urith never—"

Then he checked himself, as Fox broke into ironical laughter at the success of his essay to extract from Anthony the secret of his bunch of marigolds. Anthony saw he had been trapped, and became more chafed and hot than before.

"Do you know what she meant by giving you those flowers?" asked Crymes, and paused with his eyes on the man he was baiting.

Anthony answered with a growl.

"You know what they are called by the people?" said Crymes.—"Drunkards. And, when you were presented with that posie, it was as much as to say that none save one to whom such a term applied

would have acted as you had done last night, in committing an offence against a dead man's grave, and in adding insult to injury by visiting the widow and child to-day."

The blood poured into Anthony's face, and dazzled his eyes. A malevolent twitch of the muscles of the mouth of Fox showed how the latter enjoyed tormenting him.

"Go again a little later in the season, and Urith will find another, and even more appropriate, adornment for your hat—a coxcomb!"

Yeoman Cudlip and Surgeon Doble laughed aloud, so did the serving wench who had just brought in Anthony's ale.

The young fellow, stung beyond endurance, sprang to his feet with a snort—he could not speak—and struck Fox across the face with the gloves.

Crymes uttered a cry of pain and rage, and with his hand to his eye drew the hunting-knife from his belt, and struggled out of his place to get at Anthony. The surgeon and yeoman threw themselves in his way and disarmed him, the girl screamed, and fled to the kitchen.

"He has blinded me!" gasped Fox, as he sank back into a seat. "I cannot see."

Anthony was alarmed. Water was brought, and the face of Crymes washed. One of the silver tags of the glove had struck and injured the right eyeball.

(To be continued)



"DISHONOURED" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) is among the most charming of Theo Gift's many charming stories. It is as bright, and entertaining, and sympathetic, as it is healthy and wholesome. A somewhat delicate complication is most delicately managed, and the note of good taste is struck throughout with invariable precision. The story is not particularly probable, but there is a touch of comedy about the principal situation which makes out-of-the-way premises more than permissible so long as what follows from them is logical and natural. A considerable amount of freshness is obtained from laying the scene of the story in the Isle of Purbeck, which is, so far as we are aware, unfamiliar ground in the geography of fiction. As is befitting in a novel of which a Fellow of the Royal Society is the *jeune premier*, a sprinkling of science, or at least of scientific topics, is employed in the flavouring, but without either padding or pedantry—indeed, geology is directly answerable both for the complication of the plot and for its decidedly startling dénouement. It is certainly not every day that a *savant*, in the course of his researches, unearths so delightful a specimen of natural history as Olive Benison. The portraiture is excellent whenever it is not unavoidably conventional; and particularly so in the case of the Congregational minister and his mother and his sister, who compose by themselves a little group, full of pathos and interest.

The real "Mystery of Mrs. Blencarrow" (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett) is the question what could have induced Mrs. Oliphant to think its story worth telling. The novel has the effect of being the first volume only of a work of which the second and third are missing; as if the authoress had written an introductory portion on the chance of its suggesting something as it went on, and found herself disappointed. Such misadventures will happen to prolific writers; but the usual course is to put the results into the fire, or to leave them in drawers for posthumous completion—not to publish them. Mrs. Blencarrow is a signally uninteresting person; nothing interesting happens to her except a marriage, which is certainly a curiosity, inasmuch as Mrs. Oliphant has made no attempt to account for it in spite of its being on all grounds apparently unaccountable. Perhaps this is the mystery which the unwritten volumes would have revealed. Does Mrs. Oliphant quite realise the duties to her readers and her art imposed upon her by her reputation?

One of the characters in Mr. Henry James's "The Tragic Muse" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) is considered—and with justice—by some of his acquaintances as an impertinent ass. He does not repel the accusation; but, by way of set-off, pleads—with no sort of justice whatever—that at any rate he is not dreary. If, according to his doctrine, dreariness is the note of pertinence and wisdom, then is "The Tragic Muse" the flower and quintessence of both qualities. "The Tragic Muse" is perhaps—it would be rash to be positive on such a point—the very dreariest production which has issued even from the pen of Mr. Henry James; and there are three long volumes of it, instead of his normal and comparatively less unmerciful two. Of course it has a purpose; and it seems to be the energy of genius in overcoming circumstances, in the will of its possessor, as exemplified under very different conditions in Nicholas Dormer and Miriam Rooth. The stars in their courses are fighting to make Nicholas nothing less than Prime Minister, but they cannot prevent his turning professional portrait painter; and Miriam, under equally adverse conditions, gives the novel its title. We may be wrong in our view of Mr. James's intention—it is not his method to be lucid, and the sham cleverness of his conversations and illusive profundity of his analyses are more exasperating than ever.

"Passion the Plaything," by R. Murray Gilchrist (1 vol.: W. Heinemann), is the story of a young woman who falls desperately in love with a sort of nineteenth-century Werther, engages herself to him, and receives from him the jewels that had been his mother's as a *gage d'amour*. He goes away to seek his fortune as a poet; she, faithlessly and secretly, during his absence marries another. But, though her hand is inconstant, her soul is true—and she sticks to the jewels. Nay, so constant is she to these, that, when her first lover, in a most agonising love-scene, is torn between the customary conflicting claims of passion and honour, and she settles the matter by drowning herself, she carries the jewels with her out of the world. Her disconsolate lover becomes distinguished both as a poet and as a philanthropist, and appears to have made a considerable fortune in one or both capacities. The novel is written in a series of sentimental paroxysms, rising in the grand love-scene many steps beyond the sublime. And why anybody does anything is almost as difficult to discover as in the case of Mr. Henry James.

"A Man of Mark," by Anthony Hope (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), is entitled to some of the exceedingly seldom earned honours due to a political prophet whose predictions have been fulfilled. It is out of the question that "A Man of Mark" should have been written subsequently to certain recent events in Buenos Ayres; yet it is impossible not to recognise a good deal of actual Argentina under the name of Aureata, and though of course Mr. Whittingham is not to be taken for the portrait of any individual President of any particular Republic, South America at large has never been quite without the political type to which he belongs. The story scarcely appeals to the ordinary novel reader, the interest being mainly financial,

and the characters—including that of the imaginary narrator himself—being intentionally beyond the pale of sympathy. The literary merits of the story are inconsiderable, and Jack Martin does not soar to the level of some of the self-confessed rascals of more vigorous ages. But he, too, is a type of a certain sort of degenerate adventurer, and his style is appropriate enough to his character. The tale will be read with entertainment by readers who like, for once, to get away from the love story, and are interested in the politics of the New World. If their sympathies are anti-Republican, they will be all the better pleased with what they find.

THE ROYAL ENGINEERS

THE Corps of Royal Engineers is composed of forty-one "Service" and twelve "Depôt" Companies; a Telegraph Battalion; a "Bridging" (Pontoon) Battalion of two troops ("A" and "B"), which, with the "Field" Depôt of the R.E. Troops, is stationed at Aldershot; and a "Balloon" Depôt and Section stationed at Chatham. There is also a "Coast Battalion" of Submarine Miners, the officers of which are invariably promoted from the non-commissioned ranks.

The "Service" Companies of the Royal Engineers (numbered 1st, 2nd, &c., up to 41st) consist of sixteen "Fortress," eleven "Submarine Mining," eight "Field," two "Railway," and four "Survey" Companies; * and they are distributed throughout the British Empire, India excepted.

Of the Depôt Companies, nine (A, B, C, D, E, F, G, M, and N) are stationed at Chatham; and three in India, namely, H Company in Bengal, K in Madras, L in Bombay.

Chatham is the Headquarters of the Corps; and here are the "School of Military Engineering," the "Royal Engineer Institute," &c.

The Royal Engineers take rank immediately after the Artillery, and have as their badges the "Royal Arms and Supporters," and a "Grenade," with the suggestive mottoes *Unique* and *Quo fas est*



DRIVER (MARCHING ORDER)

Gloria ducunt. The uniform of the Corps is scarlet, faced with blue velvet. The head-dress now worn is the general pattern helmet, but formerly the "Sappers" wore a busby with a "garter-blue" busby-bag and a white plume. The Corps is armed with carbine and sword-bayonet.



SAPPER (SUB-MARINE MINER, WORKING DRESS)

SAPPER (UNDRESS)

* The 1st, 2nd, 3rd 5th, 6th, 9th, 15th, 18th, 20th, 24th, 25th, 29th, 31st, 32nd, 36th, 35th, 39th, and 40th, "Sub-Marine Miners." The 7th, 11th, 14th, 17th, 23rd, 26th, 37th, and 38th "Field." The 8th and 10th "Railway." The 13th, 14th, 16th, and 19th, "Survey."

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Field Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, is Colonel of the Royal Engineers.

Engineer officers are educated at the Royal Military Academy, and, on obtaining their commissions, have a further training at the School of Military Engineering. The "Sappers" (as private soldiers are styled) are enlisted only from amongst certain trades, and are consequently of a superior class to the ordinary soldier.

Engineer officers were formerly styled "Trench Masters." In the list of the Staff of the Duke of Somerset's army employed against the Scots, at the battle of Musselburgh, Sir Richard Lee held this office (Patten's Account of the Expedition, printed by Richard Grafton in 1548).

"The Trench Master," writes Markham in the "Soldier's Grammar," "hath command over all the pynners, in all their works, and by his (i.e., the Master-General of the Ordnance) directions seeth all manner of trenches cast up, whether it be for guard and enclosing of the campe, or for other particular annoyance to the enemy, or for the building of sconces, or other defence or offence, as directions shall be given."

This officer appears to have been sometimes styled "Devisour of the fortifications to be made."

Sir William Pelham officiated as "Trench Master" in 1622, and a dozen years later we find the Chief Engineer styled "Camp-Master-General." In 1630, Captain Thomas Rudd was "Chief Engineer" to the King.

According to Clode's "Military Forces of the Crown," the Corps of Royal Engineers acquired its military character as far back as July 25th, 1683; but, as a matter of fact, they became part of the military branch of the Ordnance Department on August 22nd, 1717. Major Lawrence Archer, in an article on the Royal Engineers, writes:—"In 1759, on the reorganisation of the Corps, the military rank of the Royal Engineers was not noticed; yet it appears to have been established on May 14th, 1757, when all were commissioned by the Sovereign."

Prior to the year 1772 the corps of Royal Engineers consisted of commissioned officers only. In that year, owing to the inconvenience felt at Gibraltar by the employment of civil mechanics and labourers in the garrison works, Lieutenant-Colonel William Green, Chief Engineer, advised the formation of a local company of "Military Artificers." His suggestion was carried out, the company was raised—the non-commissioned officers and men being granted special rates of pay and many privileges—and the following Royal Engineers were appointed officers, their commissions bearing date of 6th March, 1772:—

"Captain," Lieutenant-Colonel William Green.

"Captain," John Phipps, Esq.

"Captain-Lieutenant and Captain," Theophilus Lefance, Esq.

"Lieutenant," J. Eveleigh.

The company was clothed in scarlet, and was armed with musket and bayonet. The uniform was subsequently changed to blue, and then again to scarlet.

From the company of "Royal Military Artificers" sprang the distinguished corps the "Royal Sappers and Miners," now known as the Royal Engineers.

Company after company was added from time to time, until the corps attained its present dimensions.

The war services of the Royal Engineers, like those of their companion corps the Royal Artillery, can be best described by their motto *Unique*; but strange to say, owing to a misunderstanding, the "Sappers" were not represented at Waterloo; they having been detained at Malines.

Some of our best generals and most heroic soldiers have been Royal Engineers; and the corps boasts, with justice, of Burgoyne, Napier of Magdala, Gerald Graham and the noble Gordon, together with many other gallant men whose names are indelibly inscribed on the roll-call of fame.

J. PERCY-GROVES,

Reserve of Officers

(late 27th Inniskillings).

NEW MUSIC

JOSEPH WILLIAMS. —The mania for publishing in album form is on the increase, and though it has its advantages, it also is at times very annoying. For example, these stiff-backed little volumes cannot be rolled up, and will only go into a flat portfolio. Few composers' works are sufficiently interesting to allow of three or more being sung in succession, consequently, instead of six songs, or pieces, in sheet music, the player or singer bound for a musical evening is obliged to take some half-a-dozen of these albums. "A Song Cycle of Life and Love," by G. W. L. Marshall-Hall, contains six songs of more than ordinary merit: "Life and Love" (after Goethe) is of the ultra-sentimental type; in "A Voice from Dreamland" there is true pathos; the same may be said of "Meeting" and "Foreboding." "Past" (a study on Tennyson's "Orian") and "Long After" (a study on Tennyson's "Maud"), are somewhat wearisome and gloomy; the latter extends over twelve pages.—Six songs, by Ernest Walker, are highly creditable to a young composer, being his first works; he has chosen good poetry, and done well by it. The first three songs are Shakespeare's "Full Fathom Five" ("Tempest"), "It Was a Lover and His Lass" ("As You Like It"), and "When Icicles Hang by the Wall" ("Love's Labour Lost"). The remaining three are Uhland's beautiful poems "Frühlings-Glaube" ("Spring's Hopes"), "Frühlings-Ruhe" ("Spring's Rest"), and "Frühlings-Feier" ("Spring's Holiday"); the English words are by Ernest Walker.—The third album of this set contains "Six Romances et Deux Duos," by A. Goring Thomas, all of which are clever, and bear the impression of a musician's hand. The English translations are by Clifton Bingham. Three of the poems are by Victor Hugo, "Je Ne Veux Pas Autre Chose" (for a tenor), "Sara La Baig-neuse," a descriptive poem, the music of medium compass, and "La Fleur et le Papillon," for a mezzo-soprano.—"L'Hirondelle et le Proscrit" is one of Fougas tender poems.—"Le Lis et le Carillon" is by F. Post, a poet little known in England.—Of the two duets, "Night Hymn at Sea," by Mrs. Hemans, translated by A. Lafrique into excellent French, is for two equal voices; whilst "Amours Villageoises," for bass and soprano, is a sprightly poem, by P. Solanges.

MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.—A very effective anthem for Harvest-tide is "Great is the Lord," music by Robert E. Gaye, words taken from Psalms cxxxvi. and cxlvii. We can commend this anthem to the attention of church choirs, it is void of technical difficulties; there is a short and pleasing solo for a soprano, and an equally brief quartet.—An Evening Service—*Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*—in the key of A flat, by the Rev. T. Herbert Spinney, M.A., Oxon., will prove very useful for choirs, large or small, whose members are not well advanced in part-singing, as it is written in unison throughout.—Of a more ambitious type is *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in D, by W. Howard Stables, B.A., the work of a practised hand. The former depends upon numerical strength in the voices, the latter upon cultivated singers, and both are equally useful in their respective ways.

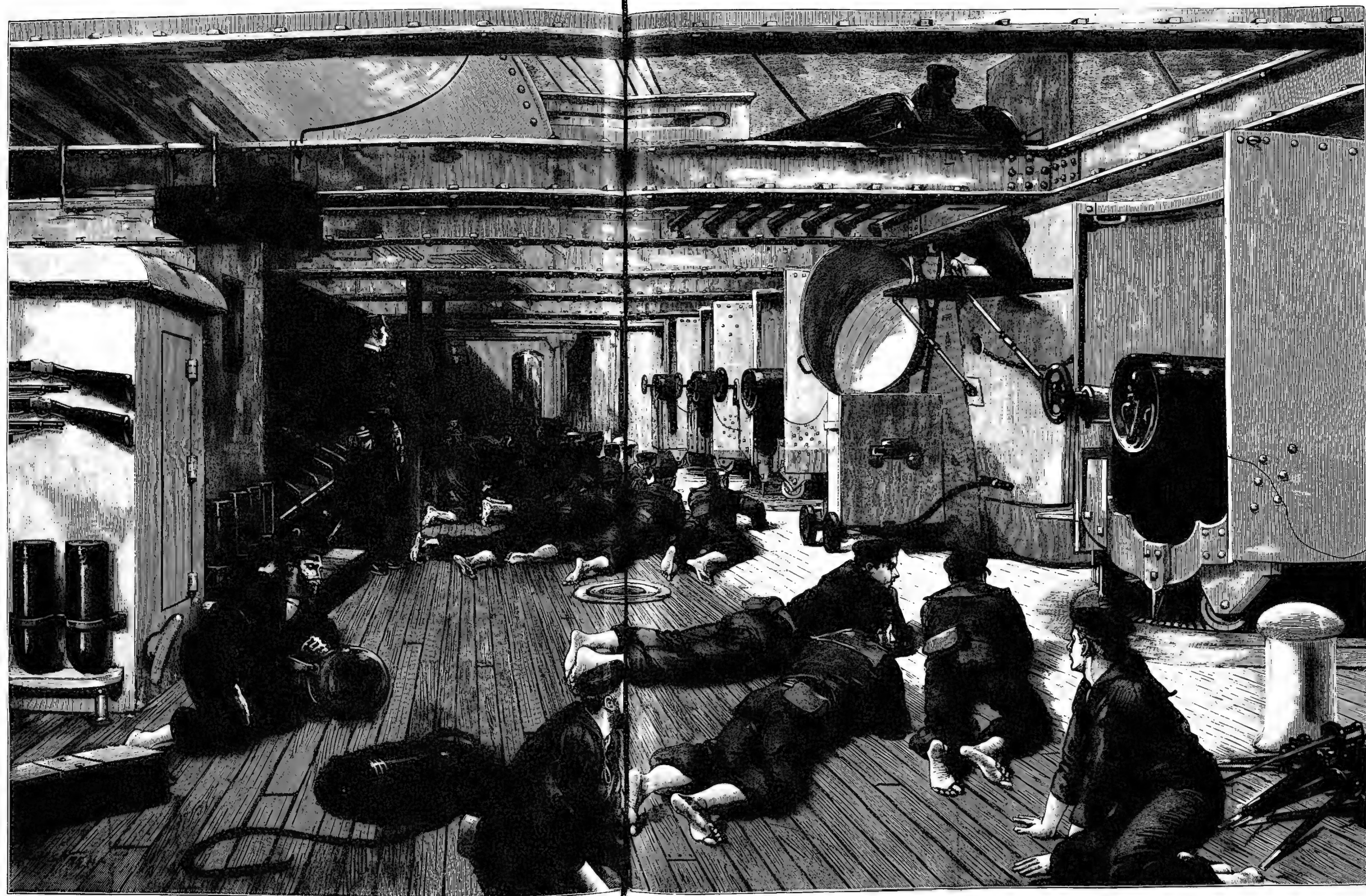
* "The British Army: its Records, Badges, &c.," by Major Lawrence Archer.



"LA SPOSA"

FROM THE PICTURE BY S. MELTON FISHER, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

"PRINCE FERDINAND OF BULGARIA has been following out his "cure" at Carlsbad with much zeal. Every morning he appeared regularly at 7.30 on the terrace of the Trinkhalle, wearing a thick grey suit, and his glass drinking-cup slung across his shoulders. The Prince walked up and down for an hour with his Bulgarian doctor, taking the prescribed doses, and, though ready to return any one's salute most graciously, he would never speak even to an acquaintance unless absolutely forced to do so. Prince Ferdinand lived in a modest suite of three rooms on the first floor of a quiet hotel, while his doctor occupied an apartment above.



THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES—FIRING ONE OF THE BIG GUNS BY ELECTRICITY
DRAWN BY J. N. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

A Tour in Normandy



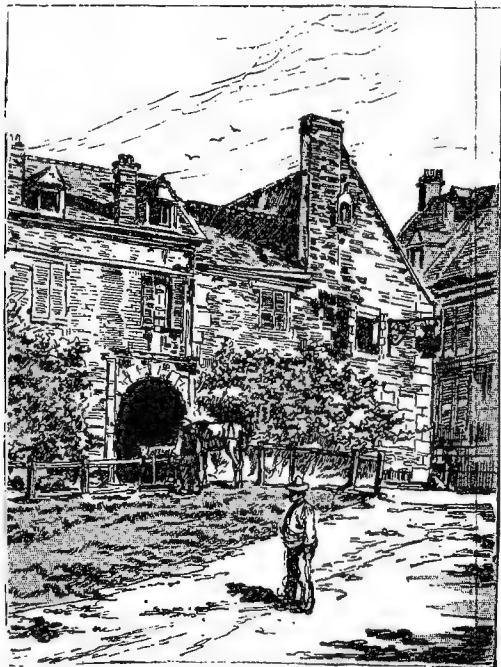
SHOPS AT DIVES

I HAVE been sketching for a few weeks in the neighbourhood of Cabourg, in Normandy. It is not a pretty place itself, but is in full view of the charming houses of Beuzeval-Houlgate, which are reflected in the shallow waters of the River Dives. Behind Beuzeval-Houlgate lies the picturesque valley of the Drauchon, where



IN THE VALLEY OF THE DRAUCHON

half-timbered Norman houses stand in the midst of apple-orchards. Beuzeval is the Protestant colony of the Norman coast. The great Protestant bankers and merchants of Paris past the summer here with their families, and their temple is a more important building than the Catholic Church. But the old town of Dives is the most interesting place in the district. Here William the Conqueror victualled most of his ships before they collected at St. Valery-sur-Somme to start for the invasion of England. And here the natives proudly point to the Rue Hastings; and the principal inn is called Hostellerie de Guillaume le Conquerant. It is a house of the sixteenth century, with some parts



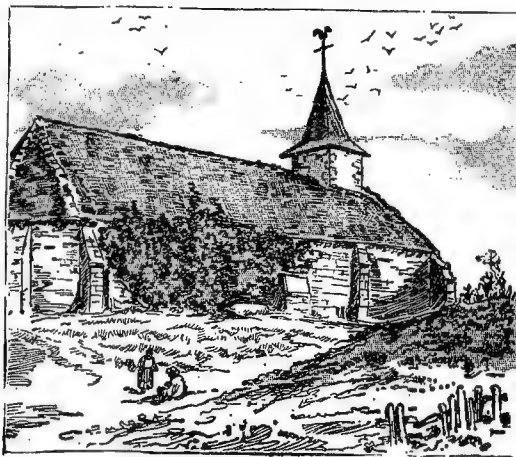
HOSTELLERIE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, DIVES

still earlier. There are few prettier sights than to see the Courtyard, bordered with vine-leaves and filled with peasants making merry over the yellow cider which stands in tall beakers on the tables. The old church is blazoned with the names of the lords who followed the Conqueror to Senlac. Here you see Arundell, Beauchamp, Chaucer, Constable, Harcourt, Lindsey, and the whole roll of Battle Abbey. Every Saturday a market is held in the wooden "Halles," which date from the fourteenth century. On market-days the roads are covered with streams of peasants and *bourgeois*, laden with baskets brimful of carrots, turnips, onions, slices of pumpkin, melons, eggs and butter, carrying turkeys and fowls with their heads down, or quacking ducks and geese painfully turning their necks up to hiss. At the market itself the scene is of the liveliest. Everybody is talking at once, cooks are haggling with market-women, and not only cooks, but persons of all classes. We have seen a senator wearing the Legion of Honour, who, after a wordy contest, bore off triumphantly a basket of vegetables to his well appointed carriage. All the sellers ask vastly more than they intend to take for their wares. Hence great loss of time, and absolute need of good-humouredly beating them down. We have been offered butter at seventeen pence, and have paid a shilling. The fishwives will demand one and three-pence for a plaice, and will finish by accepting eightpence. Strange monsters of the deep are sometimes exposed. One fat old fishwife in her white cotton nightcap offered us as a mackerel a fish which certainly had never seen the mackerel grounds. On being remonstrated with, she confessed that it was not what she represented it. It was, she said, a "cousin du maquereau."

The omnibus to Caen goes from this market-place. A terrible work it must be to jolt in the slow diligence over the country roads between the interminable rows of poplar-trees to the fine old town which was a great city before the Conqueror's day, and still is the capital of the Department.

But, if the omnibus is wearisome, travelling by swifter means of conveyance, as in the little carts without springs, which they humourously call *charettes Anglaises*, has many delights. By the wayside, in the midst of an apple-tree, you will see a little board with "Chasse garde" painted upon it, to show that some one has reserved a hundred square feet of orchard land for his own uninterrupted pursuit of red-legged partridges.

The beauty of Normandy roadside farms is endlessly diversified. The beams are always black, even the most ruinous. The roofs are overgrown with irises, which are planted there for luck; and in the courtyards stand bright brazen *pots au lait*, the chief treasure of the goodwives. Then there are ruined churches, like that of Benerville, on the Trouville Road, and the church of Ranville, on the top of whose crazy tower an Englishman is said to be entombed. Miles away from the sea we used to meet, in the autumn, parties of young men and maids carrying light pitchforks over their shoulders, with which they had been hunting sand-eels. Beuzeval is the headquarters of the sand-eel fishery, and here the shore is black with hundreds of fishers when the tide is low, at the proper season. The eel burrows in the sand a few inches below the surface; the fisher-



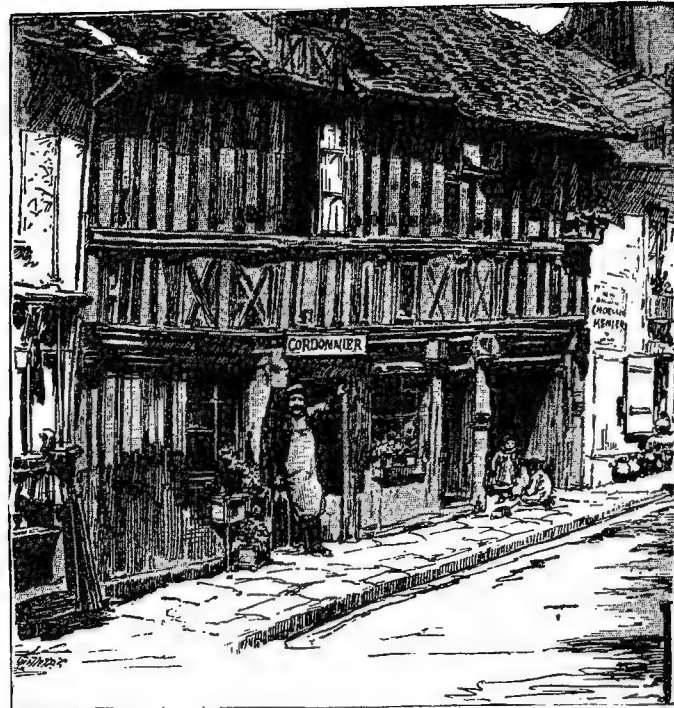
CHAPEL OF BENERVILLE

man plunges his trident into the yielding soil; a silver circlet leaps and wriggles out, and rapidly burrows again. Between the leap and the burrow the *équille* has to be caught in the hand, and thrust hastily into the capacious basket. When this is filled the contented peasant trudges home, well-pleased at having the wherewithal to vary his diet of bread and onions. Another strange fishery of the coast is pursued, for sport only, at Courseullos. Oysters are fattened in large, shallow ponds near the sea, called parks, and on paying a half-penny or a penny for each mollusc, the visitor may fish for his own oysters.



SERVANTS AT BREAKFAST

But the manner of the fishing is most remarkable. The owner of the park provides long straws. The sportsman watches the moment when the bivalves has unclosed his shells, then digs the straw into the water, and deftly inserts it between the two shells. Resenting the unwonted intrusion, the oyster hastily



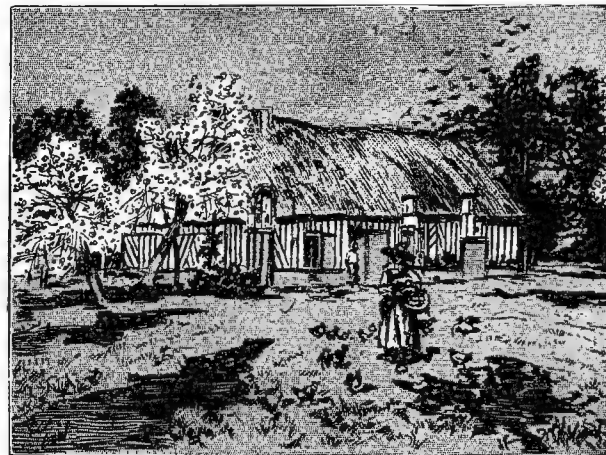
THE MARKET-PLACE, DIVES

snaps his case together. One end of the straw is thus held fast, and by the other end the oyster is gently lifted out.

A little steamboat runs on days when the tide serves from the quay of Dives to Havre, and there is a single line of railway passing not far from Benerville along the coast to Trouville. The pedestrian who wishes to walk by the seashore will have to rouse a ferryman in order to cross the sandy estuary of the Orne or the Dives.

The passage across the mouth of the Orne is indeed worth making for its own sake. The flocks of aquatic birds wheel and circle above the wayfarers' head, and fly screaming with the boat till it enters the narrow gully that leads up to Ouistreham. That ancient port, with its jetties, lighthouses, and trading vessels, welcomes the tourist with a warmth proportionate to the infrequency of new arrivals.

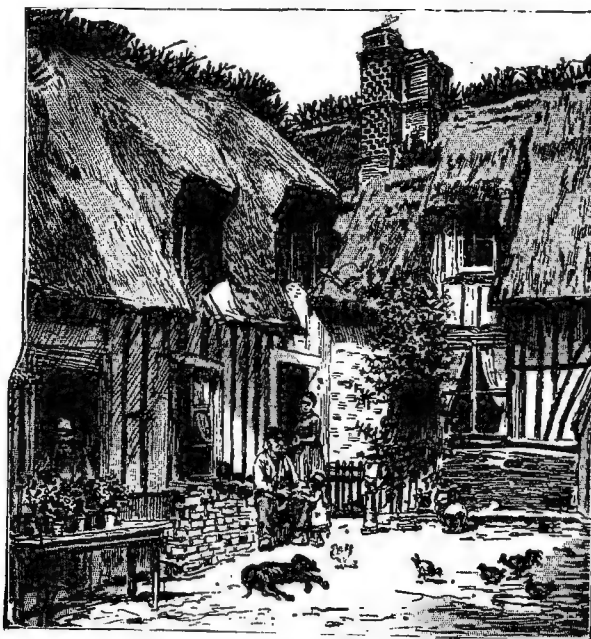
It is a great country for feasting, this rich *pays d'Auge*. The wealthy owners of chalets at the seaside take an interminable time over their two great meals of the day, and when the masters have done the servants begin. Seated under some green tree to escape



A NORMAN ORCHARD

the close neighbourhood of kitchen or stable, they clink their glasses and toast Manette. It is a merry laughing land, and the thought of it still makes me regret the time when I had to pack up my sketch-book and "quit my Normandy."

JEANNETTE



COTTAGES OF BEUZEVAL



THE CATHOLIC EMIGRATION MISSION—SERVICE ON BOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR MONTREAL



FRANCE receives the Anglo-French Agreement with very mixed criticism. In the main, public opinion approves the arrangement, particularly regarding Madagascar, "that pearl of the Indian Ocean," and the Government journals warmly acknowledge the "grace and goodwill" of England. But there is a considerable party of malcontents, nevertheless. These critics assert that France has gained nothing but a useless sandy desert of Africa in return for her rights over Zanzibar, while, as she was already in possession of Madagascar and the Upper Niger, she required no convention to secure her position. They support their arguments by citing Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords, the British Premier's somewhat ironical remarks on the small value of the concessions having caused no slight irritation. According to the official text of the Agreement, the French Government consent to modify the arrangement of 1862, and to recognise the British Protectorate over Zanzibar and Pemba. On their side, the British Government recognise the French Protectorate over Madagascar, and promise to apply for the *exequatur* of British Consuls and Agents through the French Resident. In both cases religious toleration and liberty are promised, besides protection for missionaries. Further, England recognises the sphere of French influence south of her Mediterranean possessions from Say on the Niger to Barraua on the north-west bank of Lake Tchad, some twelve or thirteen degrees further east. This boundary, however, is to be arranged so as to leave all territory belonging to the Kingdom of Sokoto, within the sphere of the British Niger Company. Two Commissioners from each country will settle the details of the boundary and the respective extent of French and British influence to the west and south of the Middle and Upper Niger, but if they fail to agree the Convention will still remain binding. Now that this matter is decided, the Government have taken up the Trans-Saharan Railway scheme, and will submit a Bill to the Chamber next Session. Parliament had no chance of giving its verdict on the Agreement, for the Session closed before the official terms were announced, and now President, Cabinet, and Deputies alike have left Paris for the holidays. M. Carnot is at Fontainebleau, and the Ministers are scattered over the provinces, inaugurating public works, speechifying, and preparing for the annual meeting of the Councils-General, which opens next Monday. The United States Consuls in Europe have held a Conference in Paris to discuss the severe McKinley Tariff Bill, and decided to urge their Government to apply the measure with leniency, lest France should enter upon a retaliatory tariff war.

GERMANY has not yet exhausted her congratulations and comments on the Emperor's English visit. The transfer of Heligoland produced fresh declarations that the "bond between the two Teutonic nations" was more firmly secured, and Emperor William's triumphant remark that he restored the last piece of German soil severed from the Fatherland without conflict and without a tear, touched a most sympathetic chord in the heart of the nation. In his numerous speeches and proclamations on the subject, the Emperor speaks most affectionately of Queen Victoria, "that exalted lady to whom it is due that the island has again become German, the Queen who rules her land with the far-seeing look of lofty wisdom, and values living in friendship with the German Emperor and his people." Most extravagant reports are current regarding the result of the Sovereign's interview, summed up by a statement in the Berlin *Post*, that "arrangements have been made between the Emperor, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and Lord Salisbury, the outcome of which may perhaps be no less a surprise to the world than was the Anglo-German Treaty." Emperor William returned to Berlin on Monday, and next day held the grand annual parade of the Guards, subsequently attending the banquet. He has now left for Russia, taking with him the Chancellor and a large suite of Princes and diplomatists to mark the official character of the visit, and is expected at Revel to-morrow (Sunday) night. After spending nearly a week at the Narva manoeuvres, the Emperor will pass Sunday with the Imperial Family at Peterhof, and thence return home. During a violent thunderstorm at Crefeld on Sunday, a large tenement house fell in, burying nearly fifty inhabitants in the ruins, twenty-six of whom were killed.

PRECAUTIONS against cholera are enforced stringently by all Continental countries in communication with infected districts. Alarmed by two suspicious cases in the Paris hospitals, the French authorities have issued public instructions in view of an outbreak. Happily, so far, the Parisian health is good, while one of the cases, which ended fatally, was only ordinary cholera and the other is recovering. Extra care is exercised on the Spanish frontier, for the growth of the epidemic has spread panic among many Spaniards, who are hurrying away from the large cities to the north and into France. Two fatal cases occurred in Madrid, peasants from the infected provinces of Toledo and Alicante who died in the hospital, but the disease is abating in Valencia. In the East the pilgrims succumb wholesale to the cholera, which not only continues very bad in Mecca, but has broken out at Jeddah, where the deaths rose to 180 on one day last week. Accordingly, Egypt has placed military detachments at all likely landing-points for pilgrims on the Red Sea, besides sending a cruiser to watch the ports. A military post also is established at Shaloo, on the Suez Canal. Thus the pilgrims cannot escape quarantine at El Tor, while the French authorities in Algeria and Tunis, and the Turks in Tripoli are equally wary.

Apart from this alarm, EASTERN EUROPE remains very uneasy. Now GREECE joins the chorus of abuse against TURKEY for appointing the Bulgarian Bishops in Macedonia, and noisily meetings are held at Athens to excite the Macedonians to resist. SERBIA works hard for the same object, and, with Russia threatening in the background, the Porte dreads lest the concession should provoke open revolt; while the Bulgarian Exarch asks his Government to provide suitable protection for the Bishops on their installation. Affairs in ARMENIA seem no better, judging from fresh accounts of conflicts and the oppression of Christians.

Foreign statements respecting the proposed harsh measures against the Jews in RUSSIA have much irritated Muscovite official circles. Indeed, it seems most probable that the edict will not be enforced in deference to public opinion. It is explained officially that the laws are not new, but have remained a dead letter since they were enacted under General Ignatieff, in May, 1882, and that the Government simply considered the time ripe for putting them into force next month. Other accounts assert that the scheme was laid before the Czar, and postponed until next year, His Majesty being too humane to sanction such severity. In any case, the Russian authorities have become much more antagonistic to the Jews of late, indulging in innumerable petty persecutions, and the outburst of foreign criticism has fostered the anti-Semitic crusade. The Jewish residents themselves feel this, indeed, many condemn the agitation as injuring their cause through injudicious friendliness.

Having turned out her unpopular ruler, the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC is fast settling down peacefully under Dr. Pellegrini, her new President. Ex-President Celman must soon have been convinced of the need of his resignation by the public rejoicings which

followed. Buenos Ayres kept holiday for several days, schools, offices, and shops were shut, and crowds thronged the illuminated streets, while the provinces were equally delighted. President Pellegrini appointed a strong Cabinet, including General Roca as Home Minister, Señor Costa at the Foreign Office, and Señor Lopez in charge of Finance. The latter post is no sinecure in the present involved financial condition. Gold remains at a high premium, and one hundred million of paper dollars will be issued to relieve pressure. CENTRAL AMERICA does not settle her disturbances so speedily. Rival parties in both SAN SALVADOR and GUATEMALA divide and demoralise the forces, two candidates for the former Presidency strive to oust General Ezetas, while the Guatemalan President keeps a strong guard ready to protect his flight if the revolutionists prevail.

A sudden strike has paralysed much of the most important railway traffic in the UNITED STATES. For some time past, the organisation known as the Knights of Labour has struggled to get the upper hand over the directors of the New York Central Railway, and when the Company dismissed some fifty men on account of the slack season, the Knights ordered a general strike on the plea of unfair treatment. The switchmen went out, and the traffic was completely stopped for a whole night. Business men could not reach home, travellers could get no further, the line was blocked with trains and confusion reigned till next day when the Company obtained fresh hands and managed to work some of the passenger and mail traffic. As the remainder of the employees would not join the strike the Company held out stoutly, and in a few days the strike failed. President Harrison has visited Boston to witness the Grand Army demonstration on Tuesday, where 30,000 military and naval survivors of the Civil War marched in the procession amid great popular rejoicings.

In EAST AFRICA considerable discontent prevails among the poorer natives at Zanzibar respecting the Sultan's anti-slavery decree. Some Arabs even threaten the life of the British Consul for his share in the edict. Moreover, the slaves are tempted to presume on their improved position and to show insubordination, so the Sultan has issued a notice that owners still have the right to maintain order and discipline among their slaves. Along the British and Portuguese boundaries in the eastern district all is quiet again, the interest of the situation being transferred to Europe during the settlement of the Delagoa Bay claims. Having received an official request for arbitration from the British, Portuguese, and American Ministers, M. Ruchonnet, the Swiss President, will choose three eminent Swiss jurists to fix the indemnity to be paid by Portugal. Great Britain alone claims 1,750,000*l.*, and the Opposition at Lisbon have complained bitterly in Parliament that their Government should have paid an earnest of 25,000*l.*, thus recognising the validity of the claim. To return to Africa itself, the TRANSVAAL Volksraad ratified the Swaziland Convention after much heated argument. However, they appended a resolution regretting that Swaziland was not handed over to the South African Republic, declaring the Convention simply temporary, and suggesting that Great Britain should reconsider the Transvaal claims so soon as the present Swazi Government is secure. President Krüger has assured the Volksraad that the British Government have already promised to satisfy the later demand.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Heavy rains and floods devastate North-Eastern AUSTRIA. Bohemia suffers most, for towns are inundated, crops and live stock destroyed, and many persons drowned. Fire is equally disastrous, numerous small Hungarian towns and villages having been burnt down—notably Moor, where the inhabitants are homeless and the harvest is consumed. A terrible railway accident also cost many lives at Blowitz, the train falling into a brook.—Again, floods in BURMA cause much distress in the Chindwin Valley. Melting snows and continuous rain have so swelled the Irrawaddy that Mandalay fears the embankment may give way, as in 1886, when the waters were not so high as now.—In AFGHANISTAN the Ameer's return to Cabul produces great rejoicings. Since he left the capital, two years ago, Abdurrahman has completely pacified rebellious Afghan Turkestan, and restored tranquillity and order throughout all his dominions.



THE Royal gathering in the Isle of Wight is gradually dispersing, after the German Emperor's departure. The Queen goes to Balmoral about the 25th inst., the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have departed already, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught leave next week for town. On Saturday the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin lunched with Her Majesty, and the Bishop of Ripon and Sir W. Jenner joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Bishop of Ripon officiated. Her Majesty went out in the *Alberta* on Monday, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Louise, and Prince and Princess Henry, and inspected the Austrian Squadron in the Cowes Roads, afterwards entertaining the Archduke Carl Stephan and Admiral Hinckes at lunch. The other Austrian officers lunched in the dining-tent at Osborne House, and subsequently were presented to the Queen on the Terrace. Yesterday (Friday) Her Majesty would hold a Council to arrange for the Prorogation of Parliament.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters have continued on board the *Osborne*. After crossing to Portsmouth, on Saturday, to open the Town Hall, the Prince, with Prince Waldemar of Denmark, spent the evening at the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle. On Sunday the Royal party remained on their yacht all day, attending Divine Service on deck. The Prince and Prince Waldemar of Denmark visited the Austrian Squadron on Monday, and afterwards, with the Princesses, lunched with the Queen at Osborne to meet the Austrian officers. On Wednesday the Prince of Wales left Cowes for town on his way to Homburg, while the Princess and her daughters start in a few days to stay a short time with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland at Gmünden before visiting the Danish Royal Family at Fredensborg.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is still at Scarborough, and, though almost well again, was not equal to paying his promised visit to the Earl of Airlie at Cortachy Castle to shoot over the Forfarshire moors. He hopes to visit the Breconshire Agricultural Show at Brecon on August 20th.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and family are now at Coburg, where they will spend some time before the Duke returns to England to take up his duties at Devonport. Like his brother, the Duke of Connaught has been appointed to an important home command, as he will succeed Sir Leicester Smyth in charge of the Southern District at Portsmouth during the autumn. Previously, the Duke and Duchess will stay with the Queen in Scotland. Prince and Princess Christian and daughters go to Wiesbaden next week.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY still has room for ninety more burials, and, judging by the average of the past century, it will be many years before this space is filled.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Signor Lago is gradually developing his plans for the autumn season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden in October. A little difficulty has arisen about the repertoire, as some of the French and Wagnerian works now most popular with opera-goers are for a certain specified term the property of the Carl Rosa Company. Signor Lago, however, intends to rely mainly upon Italian operas, and, in addition to the compositions we mentioned last week, he has it in contemplation to revive Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which has not been heard in London since the part of Henry VIII.'s unhappy Queen was sung by Titiens in 1871; to give a series of performances of Gluck's *Orfeo*, with the Sisters Sofia and Julia Ravogli, who last winter gained great success at Naples in the parts of Eurydice and Orfeo; and to produce Verdi's early opera, *Simone Boccanegra*, which is based upon a tragedy by Schiller, and was in 1881 revised and almost reconstructed by Boito. Until, however, the preparations are further advanced, and the list of artists engaged is more complete, it would be hardly practicable to attempt a proper forecast of the chances of the enterprise.

The autumn season will not interfere with Mr. Montague's avowed intention to offer the lease of Covent Garden, together with the scenery, wardrobe, and properties for sixty operas, for sale, towards the end of November. There is, however, reason to hope that the whole property may be acquired by two well-known entrepreneurs, who are willing to retain the house for the operatic and concert uses to which it has so long been devoted. If, however, this arrangement does not come off, the whole property will be offered for sale by auction, in which event it is understood to be not at all improbable that, like the Floral Hall, it may be bought by the Duke of Bedford for an addition to Covent Garden Market.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concert season opened on Saturday last. The arrangements are practically the same as before, and the band is almost identical with that of last season. At the opening concert the programme was, however, made up chiefly of light pieces and songs, the latter entrusted to Madames Marie Rôze and Belle Cole, Messrs. Ben Davies and Barrington Foote. The vocalists, although more than one of them was out of voice, were all received with favour, and the encores, as usual, were frequent. The programme also included an arrangement of melodies from Verdi's wholly unfamiliar opera, *Macher*. This work has, we believe, never yet been performed in England, although another version of Shakespeare's tragedy, by Chérad (and in which the composer, funnily enough, introduced the melody of "Auld Lang Syne" in order to give "local colour" to a ballet), was performed here as far back as 1832. The first of the classical concerts was given on Wednesday evening, when Madame Marie Rôze and Mr. Watkin Mills were announced to sing, and the symphony was that of Dvorák in D.

NORWICH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The sketch programme of the Norwich Festival has now been issued. The principal artists are Madame Nordica, Misses Lehmann, McIntyre, Damian, and McKenzie, Messrs. Lloyd, Humphreys, Ben Davies, Henschel, Novara, and Alec Marsh. There will be a band and chorus of 350, under the direction of Mr. Randegger. The Festival will open on the evening of October 14th with *Judas Maccabæus*. On the morning of October 15th will be performed Heinrich Schütz's "Lamentatio Davidi," for bass voice, accompanied by four trombones and organ (which was produced last spring at the Crystal Palace), Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Dr. Hubert Parry's new cantata set to Milton's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*. In this work, as we understand, Dr. Parry has given more than usual prominence to the chorus, the only soloists employed being a soprano and a baritone, parts which will be sustained at Norwich by Miss McIntyre and Mr. Alec Marsh. Dr. Parry's cantata, owing to the fact that Mr. Hamish McCunn finds it impossible to finish his promised Scottish cantata in time, will be the only important novelty of the Festival. On the evening of October 15th Dr. Mackenzie will conduct the prelude and *entr'actes* written for the forthcoming Lyceum presentation of the *Bride of Lammermoor*. The programme will end with the *Dream of Jubal*, the reciter being Miss Neilson. On the morning of October 16th are promised Mendelssohn's "Scottish" symphony, and "Hear my Prayer," and Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, conducted by the composer, while in the evening will be given a miscellaneous concert, including Mr. McCunn's *Ship o' the Fiend*, Mr. German's *Richard III.* overture, and a large number of songs. *Elijah* will be performed on the morning of October 17th, and the Festival will conclude in the evening with a miscellaneous programme, including the second act (in English) of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Mr. C. Lee Williams has undertaken to compose a new church cantata for the Gloucester Festival of 1892. Madame Christine Nilsson met with a slight accident in Paris last week, spraining her ankle while entering a railway carriage. During her spring opera tour Madame Marie Rôze will perform not only *Carmen*, which will be given on an average twice weekly, but also M. Maillart's *Fadette* (*Les Dragons de Villars*), *Alceste*, *Faust*, and other works.—Messdames Baumeister and Clara Perry head a new troupe formed for the purpose of performing operas in English in the provinces. They will give a preliminary season at the Grand Theatre, Islington, beginning next month.—At a meeting held last week, the following gentlemen were elected directors of the Philharmonic Society for 1891, to wit, Messrs. Cummings, Gardner, Alfred Gilbert, Goldschmidt, Randegger, C. E. Stephens, and F. Berger, besides Mr. Cowen, who will again be conductor.—M. Maurel was, we learn, married last week to Mlle. Wilder.—It is again announced that Madame Pauline Lucca intends during the forthcoming winter to take her farewell of the stage. She will afterwards devote herself to teaching.—Mr. Edward Dannreuther is about to issue the first part of his *Historical Study of Musical Ornamentation*, this section covering the time between the early Venetians and Sebastian Bach.—The Carl Rosa Company propose this week in Dublin to add to their repertoire Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment*, with Mlle. de Lussan in the part of the *vivandière*.

BOUTIGNY'S PICTURE, "La Surprise d'un Village," an engraving of which was published in our issue of August 2nd, is in the collection of pictures at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court.

SUNDAY REST IN PARIS is being promoted with much energy. The number of shops shut after the early morning has changed the appearance of the French capital on Sunday very considerably, and now the Government have moved in the matter, deciding that from September 1st all Post Offices shall close at 6 P.M. The Magasins du Louvre ask their customers to state whether goods bought on a Saturday need be delivered on Sunday, and most railway companies do their best to give their men little work on that day. Thus the Paris and Lyons Railway Company do not reckon Sunday in the contracts for delivery of merchandise or return of empty waggons, and on several lines Sunday slow goods traffic is abolished altogether.



If long experience had not taught us to expect little from American farces, the feeling of the audience who witnessed the first performance in this country of *The Great Unknown* by the Daly Company might have been described as one of disappointment. Vulgar and empty, however, as the Americanised German farces are with which Mr. Augustin Daly persists in providing his excellent troupe, his patrons could hardly have been prepared for anything so silly as this piece, in which that admirable actress, Miss Ada Rehan, appears as a voluble and ill-mannered Yankee schoolgirl. The type is, we are glad to think, far more familiar on the American stage than anywhere else; but theatrical conventionalities die hard, and no doubt the stage Yankee girl will go on afflicting audiences in spite of critical remonstrances. The best thing that can be said about this noisy and foolish piece is that it has only been revived for a few nights.

Mr. Nat Goodwin, at the Gaiety, is seen decidedly to more advantage in Mr. Pigott's comedy, *The Bookmaker*, than in the childish-weak and commonplace play in which, for some unexplained reason, this American actor chose to make his first appearance before an English audience. Mr. Pigott's play, it will be remembered, was produced some time since at a *matinée* at the Vaudeville, and very favourably received. It is not a work of any great originality of invention; but its dialogue is bright, its story is pleasing, and the character of the good-natured betting man, who so dexterously rescues other people from their difficulties and embarrassments, has at least the merit of freshness. Mr. Goodwin plays with quiet force, and altogether wins much sympathy. The company which Mr. Goodwin has recruited for his ventures includes Mr. William Farren, Mr. Charles Glenney, Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. Dalziel, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Miss McNulty, and other performers of established reputation; and, altogether, the play is very well acted.

The late Mr. Albery's adaptation of *Le Petit Ludovic* has at last come to light at the CRITERION under the title of *Welcome Little Stranger*. At the Menus Plaisirs Messrs. Bernard and Crisafulli's three-act farce was considered highly diverting; but the nature of the story of the father and son who are each blessed with a baby at the same moment is such that the adaptor has been compelled to tamper with the original very considerably. The result is that, although the rules of propriety are more carefully observed, the story loses in plausibility. The whole strikes the spectator as much too elaborate in treatment for the slightness of the theme, but there is nevertheless a good deal of droll extravagance in the situations; and Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Giddens, and Miss Victor find abundant opportunities for the display of their humorous powers.

Fortunately for London playgoers the performances of *Sweet Nancy*, with Miss Annie Hughes as the delightful wayward heroine, are only temporarily suspended. Originally produced at the LYRIC, Mr. Buchanan's adaptation of Miss Broughton's story will be reproduced on the 15th of next month at the ROYALTY.

Mr. Willard appears to be bent upon submitting the extraordinary conduct of the Reverend Judah Llewellyn to the judgment of a sort of jury of experts. He is reported to have invited ministers of religion of all denominations to a special *matinée* performance of Mr. Jones's play, to be given on Thursday next.

Miss Grace Hawthorne will reappear in *Theodora*, on the 8th inst., at the GRAND Theatre, Islington. On this occasion Mr. Fuller Mellish will play Andreas in the place of Mr. Leonard Boyne, who is engaged elsewhere.

AJACCIO

To a stranger it seems that the men of Ajaccio, one and all, carry within them the consciousness that they also, like their old townsman Bonaparte, may one day become Emperors or Presidents of nations. They are surely the most dignified citizens in the world. Their deportment is most amusingly self-consequent. They do not waste words in ordinary speech like their Italian cousins of the mainland. Smiles sit awkwardly, or rather constrainedly, upon their stern, dark faces; and to see a row of them taking their coffee at the Café Jerome, under the outer awning of the establishment, you might fancy they were all engaged in the composition of their own epitaphs.

Their town has some resemblance to themselves, at least in its older parts. The houses tower towards the sky with an indefinite number of storeys. Their dark roofs and faded walls give a melancholy cast to them in spite of their gigantic size. The windows are small, and few in proportion to the bulk of the buildings they assume to illumine. There is, further, a sort of indescribable dignity in dilapidation about them which above all suggests the parallel with the Ajaccioti. For a considerable number of generations (that is, ever since the Genoese built them, during their hard occupation of the island) they have thus stood in the teeth of the rough gales which blow into the bay from the south-west with a truly remarkable vigour. They have suffered, to be sure; even as the Ajaccioti himself has suffered in character by the vicissitudes his forefathers underwent. But there they stand, good for several generations yet; even as the Corsican, though he has striven for national independence ever since his country has had a national existence, and ever in vain, still keeps himself and his character in proud isolation from the influences which those in authority in his beloved island bring to bear upon both.

It would be odd, indeed, if the various statues of the great Napoleon, which Corsica has raised, did not have some effect upon the Corsicans who are born and bred within sight of them. In Ajaccio, the first thing one sees from one's hotel windows of a morning is that solemn group in the Place Bonaparte, executed after the designs of Viollet-le-Duc. The Emperor is on horseback; and he is attended at the four quarters by his four brothers, whose fortunes were so dependent upon his. The statues are of bronze. Under a heavy spring sky, they take a surprisingly gloomy cast, and one is then disposed to regard life from the serious standpoint, with such food for reflection as this before one's eyes. The Emperor looks forth at the waves as they toss almost to his horse's feet. Again, in the market-place there is another Napoleon; this time in white marble. Four lions, however, are his supporters here. Whether or not Laboureur, the sculptor, designed the lions for his brothers one does not know. That were audacious metaphor in stone. But it is an impressive group; and the splash of the water of the fountain of which it is the ornament, and the flutter of the fronds of the adjacent palms, give further and different charm to it.

Then there is the house itself which gave the beloved hero of the Ajaccioti his first experience of the world. It is a substantial enough house, with a very decent suite of rooms apportioned to the service of the family Bonaparte. One is interested, of course, to stand in the apartment where the Emperor first uttered his cry of greeting to a world he was destined to make cry in another way. But the cicerone's tales do not carry entire conviction with them; and one is sceptical of much that she says, and also of the claim that she makes for the bits of old furniture which stand, like dingy detained ghosts of things, here and there about the rooms.

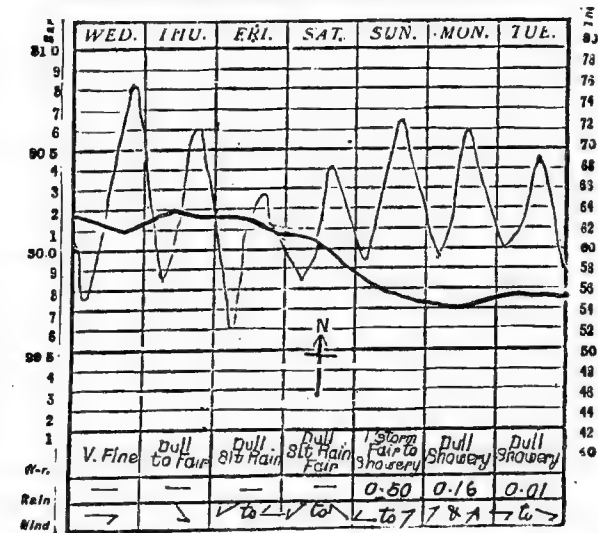
Ajaccio is very, very far from being a holiday resort of a popular kind. To be sure, it has a pleasant little suburb of big hotels with white faces and red roofs (in contrast with the doleful town houses), clustered among trees, and breasting the first gentle slope of the inland hills. There are villas, too, here and there. But the word "season" must be applied with a limitation here. The visitor to Ajaccio, even when a fair sky and a smooth sea offer him their smiles of welcome, must become mortally weary of the place when once he has had a surfeit of its natural beauty. The air is sweet, but rather enervating. The writer felt relaxed to the marrow even in the teeth of a gale that made the Ajaccioti use interjections of wonder in the course of their brief morning salutations. It is delicious to inhale the sea-breeze, with the balmy perfume of thyme and lavender and cistus which drifts from the landfills to blend with its saltiness. And glorious indeed are the panoramas of headlands and green hills, with snow mountains behind them, which you may see from different parts of the great bay in the innermost recess of which the capital hides. For all that, the place seems to have an air of melancholy, and sloth, and stagnation such as does not act upon the spirits like a cordial. And this impression is heightened by one's knowledge that the various pretty little buildings like summer-houses or bowers for lovers' meetings, which one sees by the roadside for two or three miles out of the town, are not stimulants to joy, but trysting-places of grief: to wit, family sepulchres. Your Corsican is a proud fellow to the last: he will not lie with the herd in a common cemetery; but a piece of land must be bought and consecrated for his own and his family's exclusive use, and a considerable portion of his worldly estate must be devoted to the erection of a mausoleum, hedged apart from the rest of the world, with prickly pear and fig trees. The notion itself is agreeable enough; but the visitor in search of health, and anxious to be as oblivious as possible of his own perilous condition, will not welcome these scores upon scores of private burying-places, with their white foreheads turned towards the sea. The contrast between life in Nice, Cannes, and other resorts of the Riviera is somewhat detrimental to Ajaccio, though Ajaccio may claim to beat them all for natural beauty.

Nothing can be less agreeable, however, than one's first acquaintance with this capital of a melancholy island, except it be one's parting salutation. The boatmen of Mediterranean ports are not, generically, a pleasant class. Perhaps they are worst of all at Naples, though it is hard saying. They lie and swear and fight for their own interests with utter disregard for the comfort of their clients in a way truly astounding at so late an epoch in European history. Certainly, the watermen of Ajaccio will be hard to beat for brutality in this respect. For his part, the writer thought of his insurance policy twice or thrice ere he was securely bumped into the boat which seemed destined either to land or drown him. And as he rowed away, the shrieks of the less robust and more timid members of the throng of passengers who had yet to cross that dangerous abyss between the steamer and the ferry, sounded in his ears even as of old the pangs of the damned were wont to be vividly present in the minds of those who consecrated their lives to the peace of monastic institutions and hermits' cells.

A word in conclusion. Drains, sewerage, and so forth are such important matters in these days that one is prone to believe they now receive the first consideration of a municipality, especially where the town makes a bid for popular and external favour. In Ajaccio this is not so. The careful householders do not, it is true, harbour their domestic superfluities within their houses. They cast them headlong from their windows, heedless of passers below. Hence the streets are abominable. As for the collected waste of the town, it is offered to the sea; but with such half-heartedness of manner that the sea contemptuously returns it. At least, this is the deduction one makes after a walk round Ajaccio's bay. C. E.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (12th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the early part of this week was of a fairly settled character, and dry and warm in most places. Subsequently less settled conditions became rife, and in the course of Sunday (10th inst.), thunder and lightning, with sharp falls of rain, were experienced over the South of England. During the first half of the period an anticyclone moved slowly from our South-West Coasts across the country in a North-Easterly direction, and light Northerly to North-Easterly, and finally Easterly, breezes were felt very generally. Fine bright weather was experienced over the Southern half of the United Kingdom, but elsewhere a good deal of cloud prevailed. Little or no rain was reported anywhere, while temperature was fairly high all over the country. In the rear of the high pressure system referred to above, the mercury fell steadily, and a large area of low readings advanced from the South-Westward, and by Monday (11th inst.) had covered nearly the whole of the United Kingdom. This depression during its progress across the country produced rather unsettled conditions in most places, with thunderstorms and heavy local falls of rain over some parts of England and Ireland. The heaviest amounts were 1.0 inches at Dungeness, 1.7 inches at Liverpool, and 1.9 inches at Prawle Point. At the close of the week the depression over the country moved away to the Eastward, and North-Westerly breezes, with some improvement in the weather, set in in many places. Temperature on the whole was mostly above the average. The highest value, 80°, which occurred on Wednesday (6th inst.), was reported from the Midlands.

The barometer was highest (30.9 inches) on Thursday (7th inst.); lowest (29.70 inches) on Monday (11th inst.); range 0.40 inch. The temperature was highest (76°) on Wednesday (6th inst.); lowest (52°) on Friday (8th inst.); range 24°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 0.67 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.50 inch on Sunday (10th inst.).

A TRAMWAY LINE from Cairo to the Pyramids is being constructed, ready for the winter tourist season.

THE WATERLOO MEMORIAL in the new Brussels cemetery, erected over the graves of the British officers and men who fell in the campaign of 1815, will be unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge on the 26th inst.



THE QUICKEST PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC has been shortened by a whole day and thirteen hours within the last decade.

A REMEDY FOR CHOLERA has been discovered by a Frenchman from Certe. People either attacked by, or in fear of, the disease must sit for some hours in a garment soaked in paraffin, which irritates the skin, producing a healthy reaction, and kills the cholera microbe.

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ART TREASURES AT GROSVENOR HOUSE were opened to the public last Sunday afternoon through the instrumentality of the Sunday League. Nearly 2,000 persons visited the collection, which will be visible under similar conditions next Sunday.

THE POPE will build a new palace in the Vatican Gardens for a summer residence. The building is to stand upon a hill, for the sake of giving His Holiness more bracing air, and will cost 12,000l. The Pope has just opened the Vatican Library to the public, with its magnificent supply of 50,000 books and 25,000 Greek, Latin, and Oriental manuscripts—the finest collection of the latter in the world.

PROPERTY IN HELIGOLAND has risen in value already. Owners expect that the German Government will require much private ground for defensive purposes and garrison supplies, so good potato land, which formerly brought from 6d. to 1s. per square foot, is now worth 10s. for the same area. Further, 9,000l. are asked for a two-storied house on Governor Maxse Terrace, with a frontage of seven windows.

MORMON POWER seems to be broken in Utah. Once supreme in the Government of Salt Lake City, the sect are now in a decided minority, while the entire Municipal Government and the management of the schools have passed into Gentile hands. Social Mormon customs are disappearing, and many young Mormon women have formed a society pledging themselves not to marry a polygamist.

"ELECTROCUTION" is the Transatlantic term coined to describe the execution by electricity. The strength of the current required to kill a man was tested inadvertently on Saturday by an employé of a Washington electric light company. Owing to an accident, the man received a shock of 2,000 volts, and fell insensible, though he soon recovered. However, marks of burning showed where the current had entered and left his body, besides causing much pain.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, Dr. Pellegrini, is a fine-looking man, tall, thin, and of very military aspect. He is forty-five years old, and of Italian extraction, his father having emigrated from Savoy to Buenos Ayres half-a-century ago. The President has strong French sympathies, and spent some time last year in Paris for the Exhibition. He is an enthusiastic sportsman, being President of the Buenos Ayres race-meetings.

A SPECIAL GERMAN COINAGE FOR EAST AFRICA has been struck at the Berlin Mint, on behalf of the German East Africa Company. There are shilling pieces—which will just take the native fancy for ornaments—and a million and a half of copper coins, worth about a halfpenny apiece, while next month silver eighteenpenny pieces will be issued. The design shows on one side the German Eagle, surrounded by the words "German East Africa Company, 1890," and on the other the same inscription in Arabic, enclosed in a laurel wreath. Speaking of German East Africa, Dr. Peters is on his way home, and has received a warm welcome at Naples.

THE FAMOUS NIJNI-NOVGOROD FAIR is now in full working order, having been somewhat delayed by the low water in the Volga, which prevented goods from reaching Nijni as early as usual. The Archimandrite Agaphonore blessed the fair, and business then began briskly. In a few weeks a complete wooden town has sprung up in the island of Grebnovsky—bazaars, sheds to store goods, and substantial two-storied houses, the chief trade in fish and iron being carried on in this quarter. The principal building of the fair is, as usual, on the left bank of the river, and this year consists of a handsome new structure of three stories, including over 120 shops on the ground floor, surrounded by galleries, and intersected by a large bazaar. Upstairs are the post and telegraph offices, rooms for the Governor, the bank, and the chief officials, besides a large meeting hall and a restaurant for the authorities. The lower classes are provided for by huge tea-houses and popular restaurants, where they can get cabbage soup, meat, and gruel, while a cheap night refuge will house a large number of guests.

A MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL has been inaugurated this week in the Roman Catholic Church at Chislehurst, on the spot where his remains rested until their removal to the Farnborough Mausoleum. The memorial is a canopied wall-tomb in fifteenth century Gothic to harmonise with the church—bearing a white alabaster life-sized recumbent figure of the Prince in the Royal Artillery uniform, which he wore in his fatal Zululand campaign. The inscription runs:—"To the pious, noble, and chivalric Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France, who fell in England's cause on June 1st, 1879; this monument is erected by his faithful servant and friend Mgr. Goddard, Rector of the parish." A relic of the unfortunate Prince, the miniature yacht which he used as a child, has just been done up for President Carnot's youngest son. The little craft, which holds two persons, long lay disused in one of the Courts of the Palace at Fontainebleau; so, in view of the Carnot family's present visit, the Curator had the yacht repaired, and launched her on the carp pond. The name "Louis" on the stern is painted out, and replaced by "François."

THE LOFTIEST MOUNTAIN REFUGE IN EUROPE has just been completed at the Rocher des Bosses, on Mont Blanc. This hut has been built at the expense of a Parisian mountaineer, who inaugurated the refuge by spending two nights there with his wife before the formal opening by the French Alpine Club. It stands at a height of 14,600 ft. on the Bosses du Dromédaire, nearly 5,000 ft. above the Grands Mulets. Speaking of Mont Blanc, Queen Margherita of Italy is expected shortly to make the ascent, Her Majesty being an intrepid climber. A bad accident was narrowly escaped last week on the Col du Géant. An Annecy tourist coming from Courmayeur to Chamounix was crossing the jagged "seracs" when the guide fell into a crevasse. Happily the travellers were strongly roped, and by fixing his ice-axe firmly in the ground, M. V. pulled up his guide in a very bruised and nervous condition. To add to their troubles a severe snow-storm came on, lasting for three hours, and the pair reached Chamounix in miserable plight. The Austrian Alps are more fatal. A young Viennese, Baron Léon, fell over a precipice on the Iffigen Peak, near Meran, and was terribly injured. If he recovers at all, he will probably be blind. Meanwhile two Swiss members of the Alpine Club, Messrs. Huber and Sulzer, have conquered Mount Sir Donald, 14,000 ft.—one of the highest summits of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. All previous attempts have failed, the peak being as difficult as the Jungfrau. The ascent took seven hours.



HAVING, AFTER A YEAR'S BROODING, PRODUCED AN EFFECT HE TAKES ANOTHER YEAR TO CONSIDER IF IT HAVE NOT A HIGHER MOTIF

"IF THAT'S 'IS HORS-
"DUVER, I'LL AVE IT, WHAT'S THE FIGGER?"

SOME, IN DESPAIR, EMIGRATE AS "MISFITS"

5 THE MODEL OCCASION-
ALLY SEIZES ONE AS THE
ONLY PAYMENT SHE IS LIKELY TO GET.

OTHERS GO TO THE
"ART MART" AND
ARE PUT UP AS
WORKS BY THE
OLD MASTERS
SUCH AS "JIMMY
BOO-EY" (CIN-
ABUE) & C.

SOME JOIN
THE MAJORITY
(OF THEIR
FORERUNNERS)

7 ONE IS SOLD
BECAUSE IT RECALLS ---- "AH, ME."

8 SOME ARE ACCEPTED BY
RELATIVES AS A PERSONAL FAVOUR

9 SOME ARE
BOUGHT BECAUSE
THE FRAME IS
ADMIRABLE, OR
MANY GO TO
"MON ONO"
BUT NO

WE DRAW A VEIL OVER THIS ONE

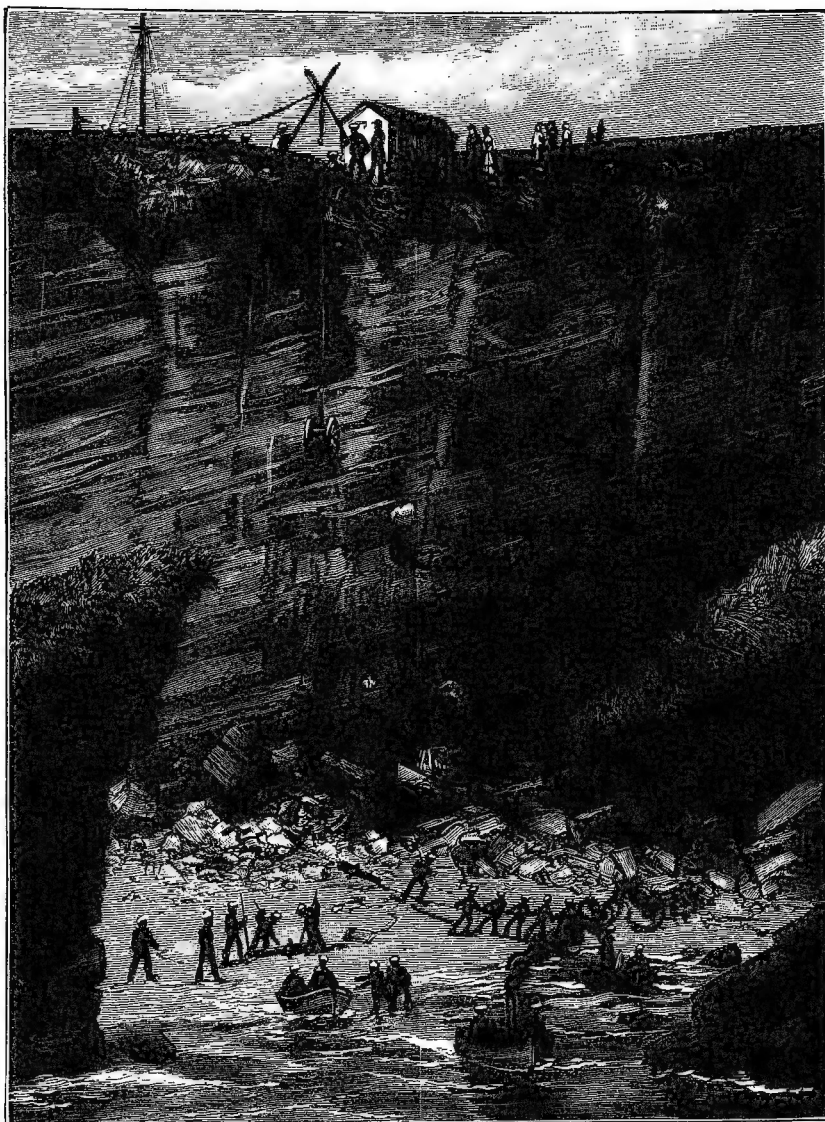
THE TRANSFER OF HELIGOLAND

THE formal transfer of Heligoland to the German Imperial authorities took place on Saturday, August 9th, in beautiful weather. At 1 P.M. Governor Barkly, in full-dress uniform, was joined at Government House by the chief officials of the island, and presently they all proceeded to the landing-stage to await the arrival of the new Governor. A guard of honour, consisting of a detachment of Marines from H.M.S. *Wildfire*, was already on the landing-stage, as well as a body of officers from H.M.S. *Calypso*. After an hour the German men of



MR. A. C. S. BARKLY, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.
Ex Governor of Heligoland

war, *Victoria* and *Pfeil*, hove in sight, and the vessels of the two nationalities exchanged numerous salutes. Never perhaps before in the world's history was there such a "quittance" of villanous saltpetre over so Lilliputian a possession. Heligoland is about half the size of Hyde Park. "This hat-box of an island!" the *Daily News* playfully styles it, and yet under the new Teutonic régime, it needs for its governance a Military Governor, a Civil Governor, and a Financial Comptroller, besides Herr Von Bötticher, who took over possession, and Privy Councillor Lindau, by whom he was accompanied. The gentlemen on landing were conducted by Governor Barkly to Government House, where they were received by a guard of honour, and were presented to Mrs. Barkly. The formal act of handing over the island to the German Government was a brief but impressive ceremony. After this, the ex-Governor, in company with the British naval officers and the chief official of the island, were entertained at luncheon by the German officers at the Conversations-Haus. Mr. Barkly had to hurry away, as there was barely time for the *Calypso*, which has a deep draught, to catch the tide. His departure was hailed with singing and enthusiastic cheers by the islanders, many of whom pressed forward eagerly to shake hands with the last of their English Governors. While these ceremonies had been going on a party of blue-jackets from



BLUE JACKETS REMOVING A BATTERY OF BRITISH GUNS FOR EMBARKATION ON BOARD
H.M.S. "CALYPSO"

the *Calypso* had been busily engaged in removing the British guns from the island to their ship.

Next day came the Emperor in person. The main avenue of the island had been profusely decorated during the night, and bands of young women and children, clad in ancient native costume, greeted the approach of their new Sovereign. Then on the hill, near the lighthouse, an impressive service was conducted by the chief Naval Chaplain, who delivered a long and eloquent address. After this the Emperor gave the order to hoist the Imperial Standard, salutes were fired, there was a march-past of soldiers, the Emperor dined at Government House with his general officers, and then steamed away in his yacht *Hohenzollern* for Wilhelmshafen. Our portrait of ex-Governor Barkly is from a photograph by G. Friederichs, Heligoland; that of Mrs. Barkly by E. Bieber, Hamburg.

THE JAPANESE EXHIBITION

THE third National Exhibition of Japan was opened at Tokio formally on March 26th, and to the public on April 1st. The Exhibition was held at Ueno, where the previous shows were held in 1877 and 1881. The opening ceremony was conducted by the Emperor in person, accompanied by the Empress, and the assemblage included the great officers of State, the Foreign Ministers, Exhibition Commissioners, &c. When the Emperor arrived at Ueno, the bands of the Imperial Household and the Imperial Body-Guard played the National Anthem. The succeeding ceremonies were very brief. His

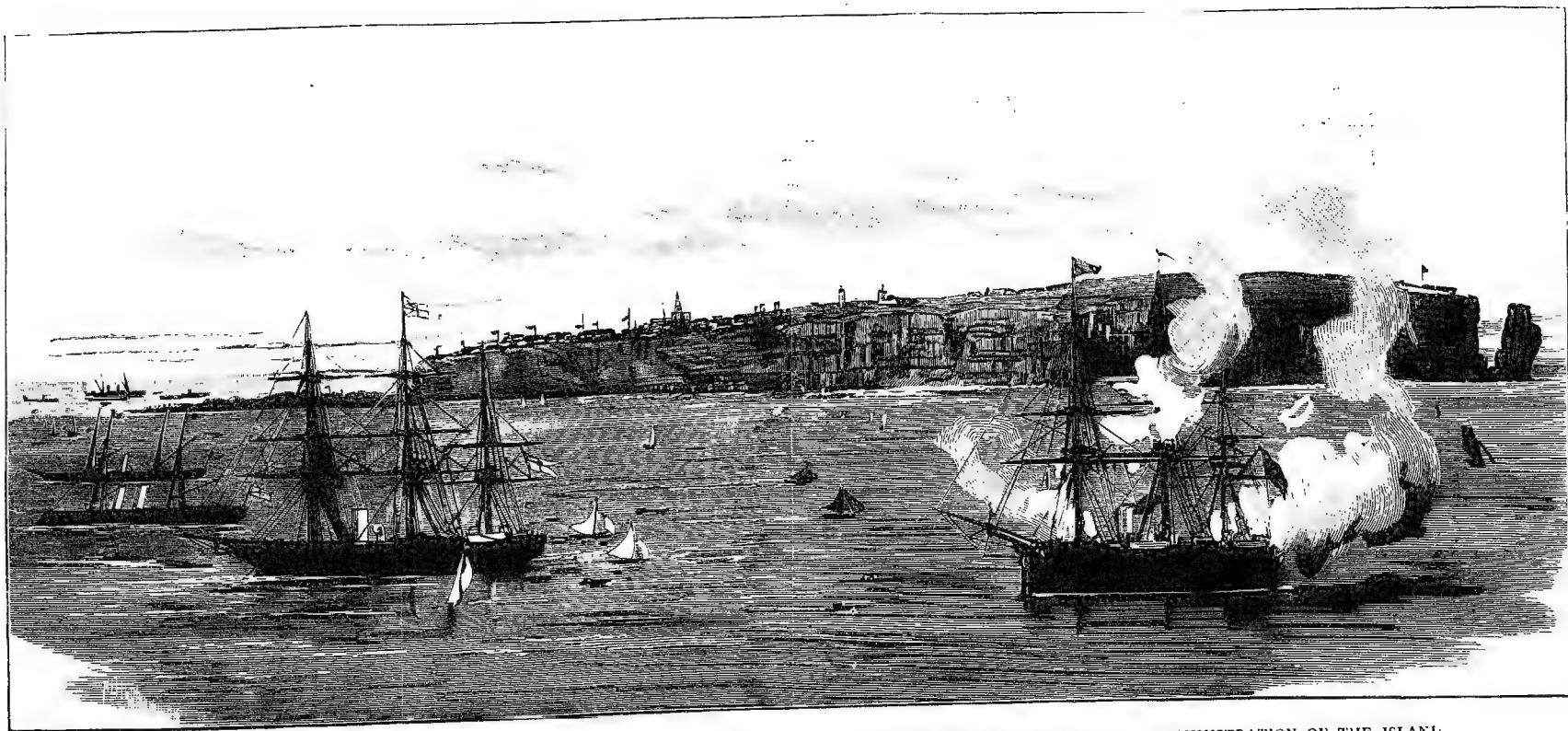


MRS. BARKLY

Majesty was received by the President of the Exhibition (Prince Fushimi) and the Master of the Ceremonies (that fine old Daimio, the Marquis Nebeshima), who led their Majesties to a room prepared for their reception, and in which they gave an audience to the chief functionaries of the Exhibition. Then the bands struck up a lively march, and the Emperor and Empress re-entered the ceremonial hall. Prince Fushimi thereupon advanced, and, after the usual salutation, read a brief address, and then presented to His Majesty a casket containing a plan of the Exhibition, separate plans of the various sections, and a catalogue of exhibits. The Emperor responded briefly, declaring the Exhibition open, and the ceremony was concluded by the Governor of the City of Tokio reading, on behalf of the local governors, a congratulatory address. —Our engravings are from drawings by G. Bigot, of Tokio, Japan.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE PICTURES?

IT is not given to every artist to sell his picture while it is on show at the Royal Academy or some other collection. When the London season draws to a close, and the pictures are dispersed, a good many painters still have to consider what they shall do with their unsold canvases. Messrs. Cole and Ralston inform us, in the accompanying page of drawings, what is the ultimate fate of some, at least, of these works of art.



H.M.S. "CALYPSO" FIRING A SALUTE ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES TO TAKE OVER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE ISLAND

THE CESSION OF HELIGOLAND TO GERMANY

OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL, PORTSMOUTH

DURING the last thirty years Portsmouth has increased considerably in wealth and population, and, therefore, for some time an intention has existed to bring the various municipal departments under a single roof. For several years, however, it was found difficult to procure a suitable site. But about six years ago the Government formed a scheme for concentrating their various scattered departments, and the Corporation took the opportunity of purchasing the ground, three and a half acres in extent, on which stood the residence of the officer commanding the artillery. It is situated in Commercial Road, nearly opposite the railway terminus. A careful inspection of various town halls was next made, and eventually it was decided to build a replica of the Bolton Town Hall, the services of the same architect, Mr. William Hill, of Leeds, being engaged. The foundation stone of the new building was laid on October 14th, 1886, under the mayoralty of Mr. A. L. Blake. During the progress of the work, Mr. Hill died, but it has been completed by his son, Mr. W. L. Hill, and Mr. Bevis. Messrs. Armitage and Hodgson, of Leeds, have been the contractors for the whole of the work. The edifice—one of the most imposing structures in the town—is a composite of Grecian and Roman. The tympanum over the portico is filled in with sculpture, representing the various quarters of the globe, Science, Commerce, &c. It has been executed by Mr. H. T. Margetson, of Chelsea. At the junction of the portico with the principal front on either side is a richly-designed cupola, surmounted by a dome 105 feet high. Above the main entrance rises the clock tower, in three stages. The clock, made and fixed by Mr. J. W. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, is of exceptional size, being second only to that at Westminster. The general arrangement of the building is that of a great central hall, with a continuous corridor all round communicating with the business rooms, which are external to the corridor. The hall, which is lighted by electric glow lamps, and furnished with a fine organ by Messrs. Gray and Davison, of London, will seat about 2,000 persons.

On Saturday, August 9th, all Portsmouth was *en fête*, and the streets, which were profusely decorated with Venetian masts and bunting, were crowded with inhabitants and visitors. There was an interesting procession of the friendly and trades societies, and then the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princesses Victoria and Maud, came over from the Isle of Wight in the *Osborne*, and opened the new edifice with the usual



MR. G. ELLIS
Ex-Mayor of Portsmouth

ceremonies. We give portraits of Mr. G. Ellis, the late Mayor, and of Sir William David King, who at present holds that honourable office. Our portraits of the present and of the ex-mayor are from photographs by G. West and Son, Palmerston Road, Southsea.

CHURCH

THE THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS begins at Hull on Tuesday, September 30th, when the Archbishop of York, who is President, will deliver the inaugural address. One of the subjects for discussion is the Church's attitude towards strikes and wages disputes, on which papers will be read by Prebendary Harry Jones, Mr. David Dale, and the notorious Mr. Ben Tillett, among others. The speakers on the subject of foreign missions, with special reference to Africa, will include Bishop Smythies, Sir James Fergusson, M.P., Sir J. Kennaway, M.P., and Commander Cameron. A working men's meeting, to be held on Thursday evening, October 2nd, will be addressed by the President, the Bishop of Ripon, the Dean of Rochester, Sir John Gorst, M.P., and Sir Albert Rollit, M.P. The Bishop of Durham, Sir John Gorst, Bishop Barry, and Judge Hughes ("Tom Brown") are to take part in a discussion on Socialism; and in that on Brotherhoods, the Bishop of Liverpool, Lord Norton, Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode, Archdeacon Farrar, and Canon Money. Among the speakers on the due limits of Ritualism will be the Bishop of Guildford, Viscount Halifax, the Deans of Peterborough and Windsor, and Canon Bardsley.

THE BISHOP DESIGNATE OF DOVER, Mr. Eden, "has not," the *Record* says, "allied himself conspicuously with any ecclesiastical party, but he has shown a warm sympathy with the work of the chief Evangelical Societies." The same journal "believes that the name of Canon Elwyn, Master of the Charterhouse, was the alternative submitted to Her Majesty by the Archbishop."

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, before the close of its proceedings, resolved on sending to the Archbishop of Canterbury a reply reciprocating the sentiments expressed in his letter on "Home Reunion." The Conference, however, was of opinion that the conditions laid down, especially that requiring the acceptance of the Historical Episcopate, do not furnish a basis for practical reunion.

AN ELABORATE REPORT OF THE SCHOOL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE having been presented at the last meeting, for the session, of the London School Board, the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Robert Bourke, in the course of remarks on its contents, said that it showed the teaching of the Bible in the Board Schools to have made a distinct advance. There was no evidence that the time set

apart for Bible instruction was encroached upon for other subjects, nor had any charge of the kind been brought against any one of the teachers in the past year, a distinct improvement upon what was a too-frequent complaint some years ago. His own observation and that, he thought, of other members was, that much more pains than formerly were taken by the teaching-staff to cultivate a reverential study of the Bible.

SOME PROGRESS has been made with the organisation and programme of the "New University Hall," previously referred to in this column, as an institution planned somewhat on the lines of Toynbee Hall, and intended to be the headquarters of a propaganda based on the religious views inculcated in "Robert Elsmere." The authoress of that fiction, Mrs. Humphry Ward, is Secretary of its Committee, which includes the Earl of Carlisle, the Dowager Countess Russell, Dr. Martineau, Mr. Stopford Brooke, and Miss Beatrice Potter. During the first term, the Rev. J. E. Carpenter, Vice-Principal of Manchester New College, is to deliver a course of lectures on the Synoptic Gospels. For its second session Professor Knight has promised a series of lectures on the "Theistic Interpretation of the Bible."

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The Sussex fortnight was brought to a successful close on Saturday at Lewes. The weather had been perfect throughout, and though some little rain fell in the morning at Lewes, the sun soon came out, the remainder of the day being bright and warm. The racing, though not of a very high class, was interesting enough. Sea Song won the Coombe Stakes by a head from Spotted Beauty and Chesterfield, a colt by Wisdom. Bramble beat Marten-hurst by three lengths in the Priory Stakes. Muley won the Club Open Handicap by two lengths from Gay Hampton, who, as usual, refused to try when the race seemed a certainty for him. It must be a thankless office running such horses, but as Martley has

YACHTING.—After a considerable time of most unsatisfactory weather, from a sailing point of view, the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta were favoured with a pleasant breeze on Friday last, and capital racing was seen for the first time this season at Cowes. The first match was for vessels of thirty tons and over, belonging to members of any recognised yacht club, the course being fifty miles, and fourteen, out of the sixteen entered, started, the absentees being the *Iuerna* and the *Deerhound*. There was a nice easterly breeze, and the yachts had a clear run to Lymington, and, after a close reach to the Nab Lighthouse, a run home. The *Viking* and the *Castanet* were partially disabled, and dropped out of the race, but the others finished the course, the *Leithe* being timed 2 h. 45 m. 59 sec., the *Wendur* 2 h. 47 m. 6 sec., the *Amphitrite* 2 h. 52 m. 46 sec.; it will therefore be seen that the race was a close one, but the first prize fell to the *Erycina* (84) her time being 3 h. 7 m. 22 sec., and the second to the *Amphitrite*. The next match was for 20-ton yachts, and was won by the *Velzie*, the *Siola* being second. The Isle of Wight Corinthian Yacht Club held its regatta at Ryde on Monday, the first match being for yachts of over thirty tons. There were six starters, and a fine strong westerly breeze. The *Wendur* took the lead at once, and held her own to the end, winning the first prize, saving her time easily from her five smaller opponents. In the match for 20-tonners the *Chiquita* took first prize, and the *Velzie* second.

RURAL NOTES

THE SEASON.—The first fortnight of August has been favourable, and the harvest has begun in all the Southern counties. Peas, the first of the general crops to be harvested, have done exceedingly well on the lighter loams, and the crop as a whole is decidedly better than last year. It would have been of quite over-

average excellence but for one cause, the peas having frequently grown in the bottom pods, there being two generations on one plant. This has come of the beating-down of the plant by the midsummer rains, and of the general prevalence of an excessive humidity. Oats were being busily harvested all along the Southern coast on Saturday last, and the out-turn was regarded as likely to be heavy. Barley is ripening, and is a fairly good crop, though the harvest will be unusually late. The wheat yield is variously estimated at from 8,750,000 to 9,500,000 quarters. The fine weather came in the nick of time for saving



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the wheat-fields of a very important area in the Midlands, and in the North there is still a fortnight during which heat may do a great deal for the crops. In Ireland there is a spread of disease among the potatoes, but its progress is not rapid, and in several parts is now stated to be arrested. English and Scottish farmers generally speak well of their potatoes, and also of turnips, which, in North Britain, are an especially important crop. The mean day temperature of the first fortnight of August has been 65 deg., and the mean night temperature 61 deg., nett mean 63 deg. The mean temperature for August, 1889, was

60 deg., while the mean for the half century is 61.5 deg. Thus the present month compares favourably in these respects with previous years. Even for 1887, the August record was only 61.3 deg., for the tropical heat prevailing from the 1st to the 17th broke on the 18th in a terrific thunderstorm, after which the last twelve days of the month were cool and showery. The winds have been moderate, shifting between S.E. and S.W. After such fine days as the 4th and 5th, the night dews were wonderfully heavy.

JULY in the Southern Counties was a showery and unsettled month. In London 4.93 inches of rainfall, and sixteen days were more or less wet. The temperature fell to 43 deg. on the 12th, and was below the mean for the first twenty days of the month, as well as on the 24th, 25th, and 29th. Thus twenty-three days were colder than usual against three only, the 21st, 27th, and 31st, of over an average temperature, and five days of an average record. In Hampshire the total fall of rain at Andover was five inches, three of which fell on the 17th. At Christchurch 3.16 inches fell altogether, and the great storm of the 17th was credited with 1.25 of this total. Only three days were continuously fine at either place. At Andover the highest shade record of heat was 76 deg., and at Chislehurst 77 deg. At Andover four nights registered 41 deg. only, and thus parts of Southern England are seen to have been colder than than the Metropolis. The rivers and wells in the Southern Counties are full, but the mark of bleached and decaying vegetation along the banks of streams, or where trees droop into the water, now shows about two inches fall in the Stour, Avon, and Lichen since the end of July. Oats are reckoned a good crop in Hampshire. Barley and peas fairly good, wheat under average.

THE HESSIAN FLY enjoys the honour of forming the subject of *Agricultural Publication*, No. 13, 1890. The watchful eye of Mr. Chaplin has noted the visit of *Cecidomyia destructor*, and a short pamphlet, or rather illustrated and descriptive leaflet, warns farmers to look out for the pest, which originates in eggs laid on the flag of the wheat plant, just where the flag joins the stem.

taken to winning, some of the other queer-tempered ones may in time do the same. Alchemist won the Mile Selling Plate with great ease, Little Wenlock having bolted as soon as the flag fell. There was no racing on Monday, and certainly racegoers must have been glad to have a day off after the heavy work of the previous week.

CRICKET.—A most successful Canterbury Week was brought to a close on Saturday with the match between Kent and Surrey; and the latter county, which is well ahead in the race for the Championship, only just averted defeat at the hands of the plucky men of Kent, as there was but one wicket to fall at the call of time, and then Surrey was 42 behind. The thanks of the Club are due to Lohmann for the determined defence he made on a wicket exactly suited to such bowlers as Martin and Wright. The team of Cambridge, Past and Present, which opposed the Australians at Leyton, were also most fortunate in making a draw of it, for though they put together the fine score of 389 in the first innings, to which Mr. Streatfield contributed a grand innings of 145, against the Australian score of 218, yet the latter in their second attempt made 355 for six wickets, and then declared their innings at an end. The composition of this large score is somewhat curious. There were 24 extras, and Messrs. Murdoch and Trott contributed no less than 315 between them, the first-named making 129 and the latter 186. This left the Cantabs 184 to the bad; and, as there only remained one hour twenty-five minutes for play, the Australians had absolutely no chance of being beaten. But they set themselves strenuously to the task of getting their adversaries out in the limited time at their disposal, and so far succeeded that at the call of time they had disposed of eight men for only 73 runs.—Notts and Yorkshire met at Trent Bridge, and this match also resulted in a draw, the North-countrymen having two wickets to fall, with a balance of 110 runs against them. Altogether, the latter part of the week was notable for drawn games, as that between Gloucestershire and Lancashire ended in the same unsatisfactory manner. There was some very large scoring on both sides, although no batsman reached three figures.

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8. Lemon Cutting, Tilting at the Ring, Heads and Posts, &c., by the Heris Yeomanry Cavalry.
9. Display by the Third Division Volunteer Medical Staff Corps.

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The *larva* hatched from these eggs live on the juices of the stems, which they naturally very much weaken. The plant goes yellow under the infestation. There seem to be two broods of the fly, one in autumn, and another in the spring. The *puparia* are of a brown colour, not unlike the colour of a ripe chestnut, and somewhat like linseed. They may now be found in the joints of the wheat plant generally just where the flag joins the stem. They should, of course, be destroyed wherever found, and the stubble, as far as possible, burnt.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.—This disease has recently spread among cattle in a manner calculated to revive the fears of breeders. Pleuro-Pneumonia can be arrested without difficulty when it is discovered, but in many cases its existence is easily concealed, and the temptation to avoid all trouble at the hands of inspectors and other objectionable people is one which the average Englishman always feels to be very great. Under these circumstances, the Royal Agricultural Society have done well to call their members' attention to the great importance of prompt declaration of disease whenever it may appear, and of loyal submission to the orders of the Agricultural Board. The Society have also arranged with the

chief veterinary surgeons in every county to telegraph information as to any outbreaks. The Board of Agriculture might also placard districts where disease has been met with, announcing not only what the law is on the subject, but also adding a clear statement of the compensation payable, and how to be obtained from the authorities.

YORKSHIRE is such an important county that its Annual Show, held this year at Harrogate, always occupies a special position among the agricultural events of the year. The magnificent weather which favoured last week's meeting, together with the good takings of gate-money, will render the present year a red-letter date in Yorkshire agricultural records. The animals shown were extremely satisfactory so far as the horses and Shorthorns were concerned, while the Channel Islands cattle came out with unexpected strength for a Northern Show. The sheep and pigs were not the leading features, but they cast no discredit on the general display.

THE **HIGHLAND SHOW** at Dundee was favoured with splendid weather, and the attendance was also very good, exceeding that at Melrose last year by about 30 per cent. There was much, but, on

the whole, favourable discussion of the defeat of the famous Clydesdale stallion "Prince of Albion" by his half-brother, Prince Alexander. The Show was also remarkable for the big prices offered privately for some of the finest Clydesdales. A bid of 2,000*l.* was understood to have been rejected for the champion, while two private sales took place at 1,200*l.* and 1,400*l.* respectively. The light horses were not so good as those of heavier build. A new dairy-implement, the "Instantaneous," was shown at Dundee. It was not *instantaneous*, but it manipulated 150 gallons of milk per hour, converting the same into excellent butter at the ratio of 1*lb.* of butter as the result of three gallons of milk.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION seems to be flourishing at Cirencester, noted for its kaleidoscopic changes in its lists of professors. "So many doctrines have been taught here," writes one who has enjoyed its honours, "that the pupils have at least acquired a cheery agnosticism which shuts out conceit." As the practice of agriculture flourishes best where all theories are known, but none made a fetish, it may well be that Cirencester, after all, does very well indeed. We also hear that the Horticultural College at Swanley is making headway, and doing really good work.

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WAR!

O WORLD!
O MEN! WHAT ARE YE, AND OUR BEST DESIGNS,
THAT WE MUST WORK BY CRIME TO PUNISH CRIME,
AND SLAY, AS IF DEATH HAD BUT THIS ONE GATE.—Byron.

WHAT IS MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE.—She kills and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. For the means of prevention, and for preserving health by natural means, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

THE HOME RULE PROBLEM.—In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast. In the sanitary world it means in the whole Metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid ("and which may be prevented").—CHADWICK.

PASS IT BY IF YOU LIKE, BUT IT IS TRUE!!!

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families.

AT HOME MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD MY VADE MECUM. IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says:—"Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT!' I trust it is not profane to say so, but, in common parlance, I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle, my little idol—at home, my household god; abroad, my *vade mecum*. Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is the outpouring of a grateful heart. I am, in common, I dare say, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, then exit pain—"Richard is himself again!" So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment always remaining at the bottom of the glass. I give the following advice to those who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits:—

"When 'ENO'S SALT' betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make;

"But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up."

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"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever; on the first occasion I lay in hospital six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of *abominable imitations* are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

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Interior of Pears' in 1789*

journeys. The woman who travels and fails to take, as she would her tooth-brush or hair-brush, a supply of Pears' Soap must put up with cheap substitutes until her burning, smarting skin demands the "matchless for the complexion." Even children know the difference. So long as fair, white hands, a bright, clear complexion, and a soft, healthful skin continue to add to beauty and attractiveness, so long will Pears' Soap continue to hold its place in the good opinion of women who want to be beautiful and attractive.

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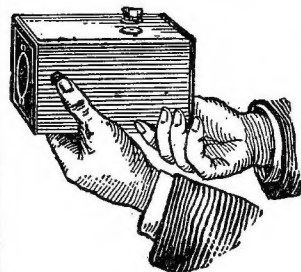
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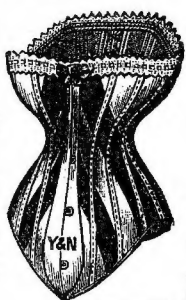
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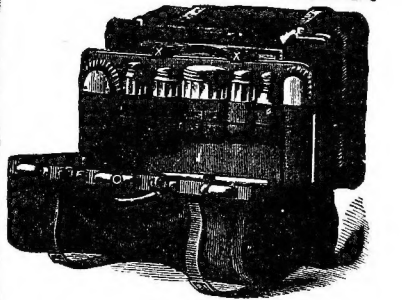
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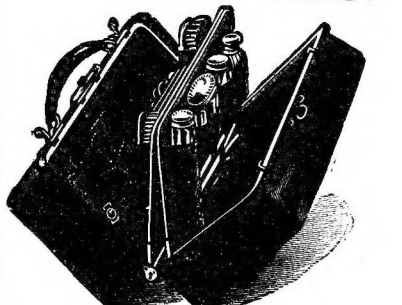
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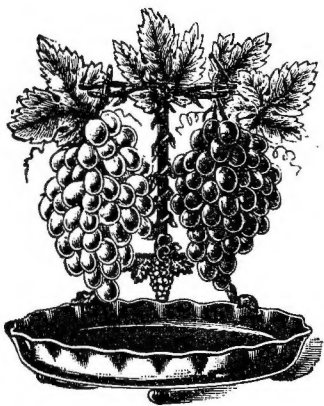
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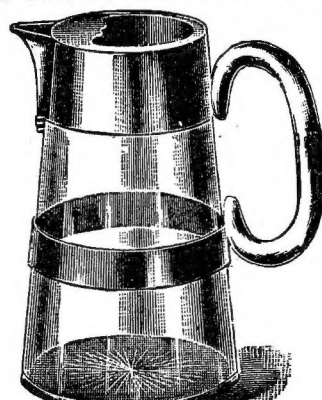
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Best Quality { £5 5 0
Princess's Plate { 1 11 6
10 6
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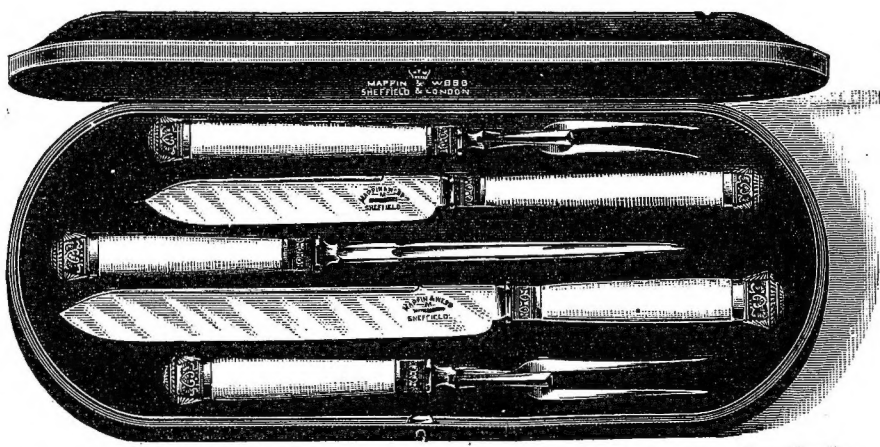
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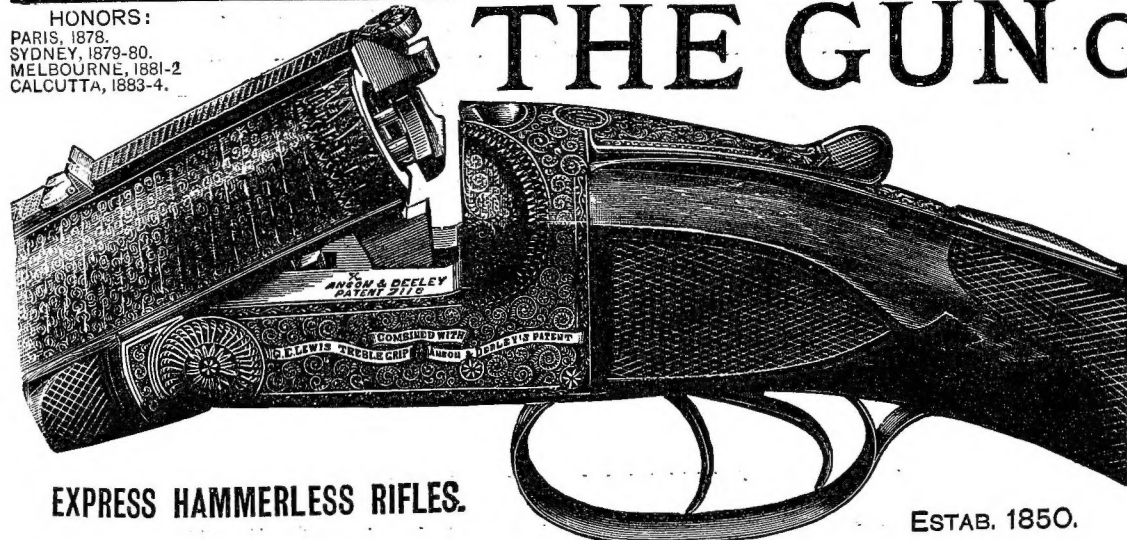
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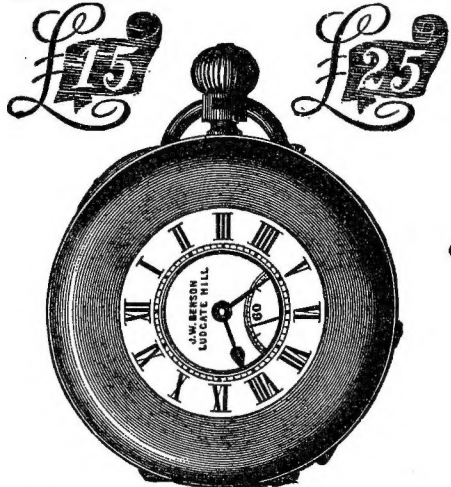
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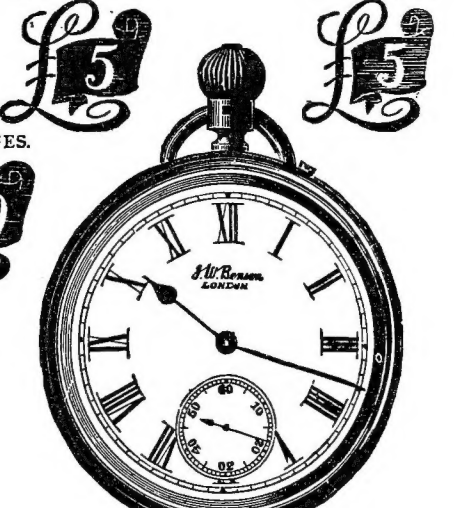
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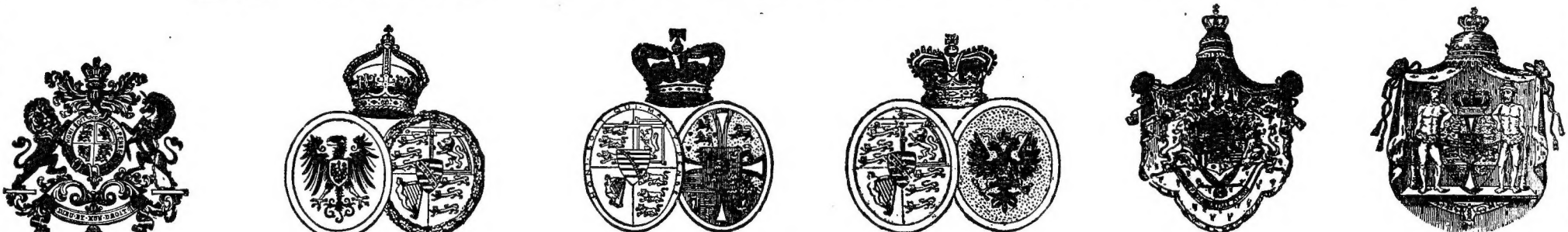
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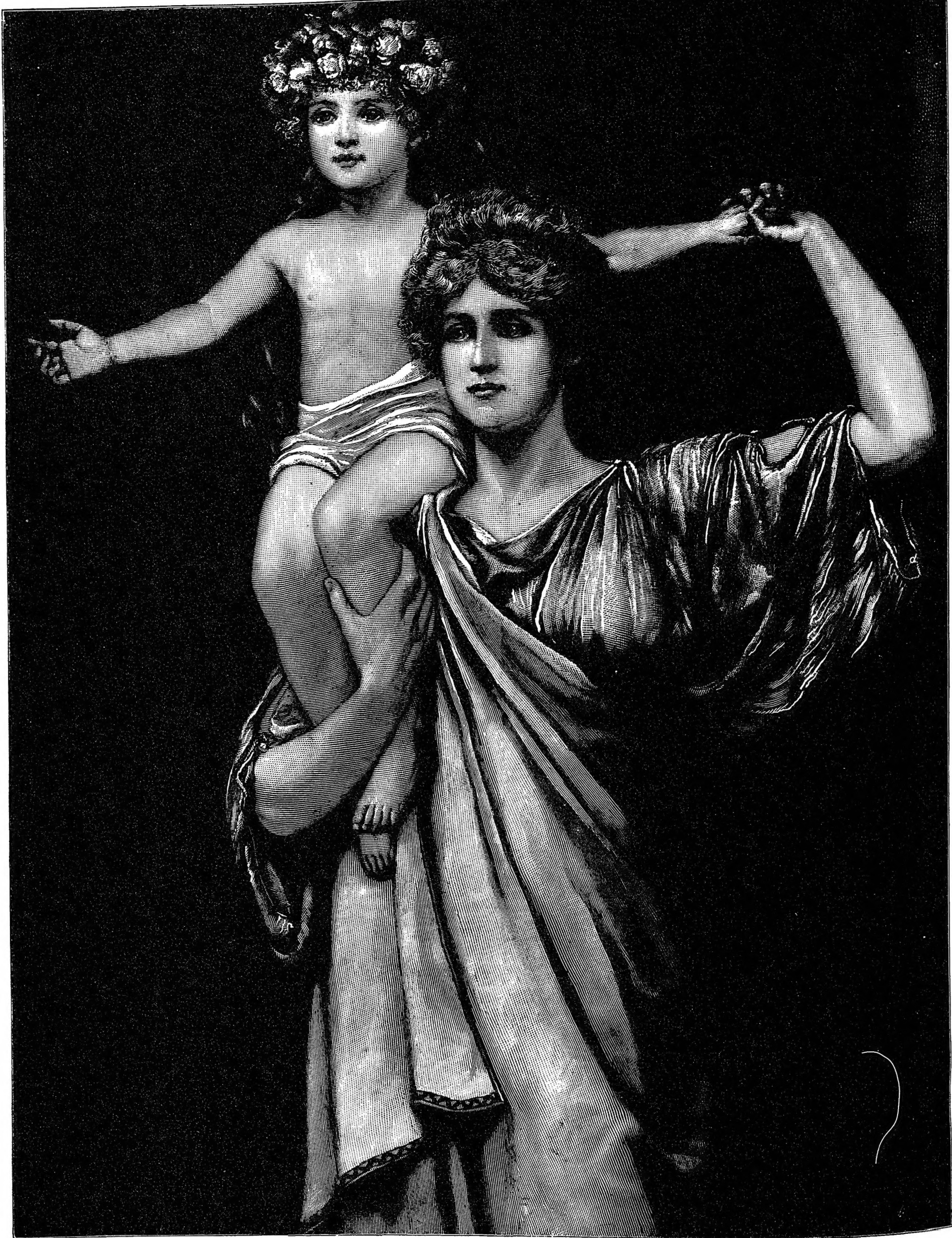
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